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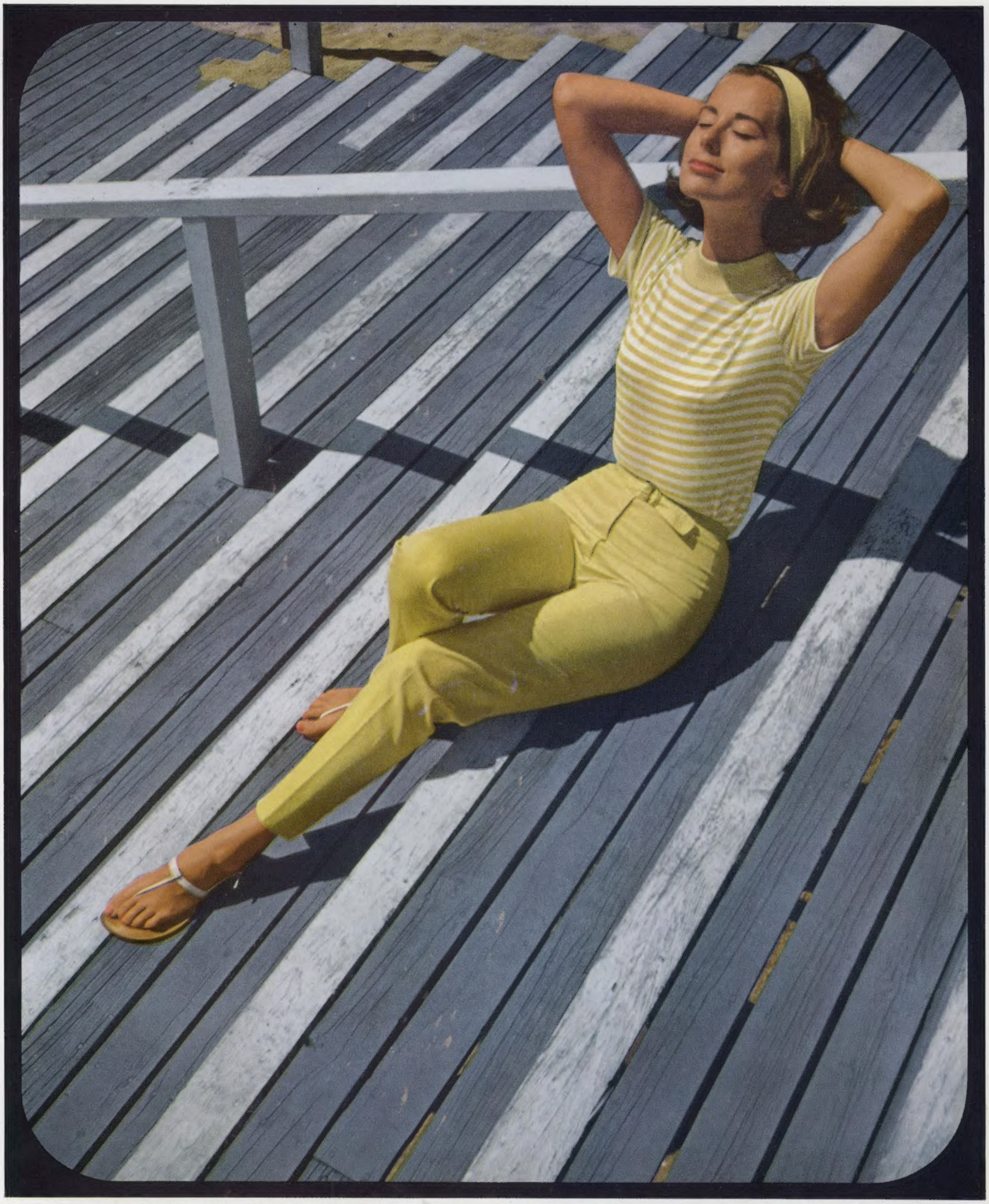
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VOGUE

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PENN

COVER: The newest—and longest—beret, a comma-shaped white felt hat that dips almost to shoulder-blade length. What it punctuates here: a geranium-red pullover dress in a soft, dense tweed. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Dress by Marquise, of wool and nylon. Laguna earrings. Glacé leather gloves by Superb. All at Lord & Taylor. Lipstick in a soft, warm, non-cloudy red: Starlight, by Germaine Monteil.

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Photographed by Philip O. Stearns at the picturesque Asiento Yacht Club

New finds for fun! Curaçao and Peck & Peck

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For facts about Curaçao, write: Curaçao Information Center, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York

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SALON SKETCH:

A FACE—FORGETTING ITS LINES

More about the electric switch to beauty—news of a quick, painless wrinkle-removing process

Lines that form on a face are one of the crueller facts of life, but help is now here in a new form—an electric needle that works along the wrinkle-line, and erases as it goes. This treatment has been developed by Elisabeth Ungár, a skin-care specialist in New York, who features beauty-making by electricity. (An account of some of her other electric treatments—cleansing, massage, and general flaw-removal—appeared in Vogue in February, 1960.) According to Miss Ungár, who is dedicated to skin and its betterment, this process gives the effect of getting behind the wrinkle and pushing it out from the inside. A Vogue editor witnessed a series of these treatments, with the following findings.

Our subject, Mrs. W. (for Wrinkles, which she had had very noticeably), was a pretty woman, thirty-nine years old. She came to Miss Ungár primarily to have her forehead wrinkles removed but decided to have the rest of her face—eyes and nose-to-mouth wrinkles—done too. Her forehead was fairly high, rounded, and apparently was inclined to wrinkle even when Mrs. W. was a child—a fact that had her wearing bangs for most of her life. She and Miss Ungár both agreed that her case was an unusually bad one for a woman of her age. After submitting to a close inspection of her face, Mrs. W.—a blithe and tranquil patient if ever there was one—happily lay down on the black leather table and Miss Ungár went to work.

Using a very fine electric needle, bent to a slight angle, she made a little stab at one end of a nose-to-mouth line, picked up the skin on the needle-point, and held it up about half an inch from its normal surface for perhaps ten seconds. About one-sixteenth of an inch farther along the line, another stab, another hold-up; this procedure was repeated until both lines were finished, taking in all about half an hour. As she worked, Miss Ungár explained her machinery: the fine needle was attached by electric wire to a white box-type unit on legs that was placed at her side. Another wire from this unit was attached to a foot pedal. After the stab with the needle, a touch on this pedal sends electrically-created heat through the needle; the amount of heat is controlled by dials on the white-box unit. What happens within the skin (not very far in, since the stab is not deep): a slight swelling is induced, while the heat soaks up some of the sub-skin moisture. Reaction of the skin, as the swelling subsides, is to re-form itself more firmly so that it is less inclined to crease; the crevices that the skin has fallen into are then plumped up. (Put this way, it all began to sound as simple and logical as re-stuffing the head of a rag doll.)

During this treatment, Mrs. W.'s face was scrutinized for signs of discomfort, and showed none; she felt a slightly stinging sensation but no pain, and if we hadn't been talking so much, she said she might have slept. After the needling stage was over, this part of her face was soothed with cotton pads soaked in water and rose-water. The lines were there still, but fainter. The forehead wrinkles were done by the same process—the skin was lifted on the needle, plumped and firmed where the lines had been. After the treatment the skin showed a smoother surface. Foreheads, it seems, are the easiest to do.

The eye-line treatment brought a new surprise—this is Miss Ungár's most recent development. For eye lines, the needle doesn't pierce the skin at all; its bent side is (Continued on page 16)

No pretense…the new swimsuit is pure, exciting shape. A print of wild plums on Helanca® nylon knit, this **rose marie reid** *mailbot with a merely marvelous swimsuit brassière inside. In back, very bare. "Aura" 25.95*

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WITH VOGUE THIS ISSUE

Journalist and lecturer,
MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER
who wrote, on pages 68 to 75, "The World-Whir of Beirut," knows the Middle East like her pocket. She was on the first civilian plane into Suez in 1956; covered the Lebanese landings and the Iraq revolution in 1958. A knowing Washingtonian—a writer for the Washington Post Syndicate—Mrs. Thayer is the author of the delightful book, *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy.*

A young man on the go,
RENÉ BURRI
flew to Lebanon to do the photographs on pages 68 to 75, for Vogue. This world-roving Swiss has focused on all of Latin America, on Japan and Zen Buddhists, on Le Corbusier and his architecture. Recently his photographic book, *The Germans*, was published in Zurich and Paris.

ALEC WAUGH
who wrote, on page 102, "Curaçao—Nothing Like It in the Caribbean," calls himself, "a wanderer without a fixed abode." His wanderings often result in books (he has written more than forty); presently he is at work on another on the West Indies. This year, Farrar, Straus will publish *My Early Years*, an autobiography of his youth with his writing brother, Evelyn, and his publishing father, Arthur.

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SALON SKETCH

(Continued from page 10)

simply laid along the skin surface, right in the crevice of the line. Since the skin is thinner here, the needle does its work right through it. As the needle moved along the eye lines of Mrs. W.'s face, they too began to smooth. Miss Ungár's phrase: "the skin levels."

Each of the face's most wrinkle-prone areas—forehead, eyes, nose-to-mouth—requires needle treatments three times around to complete the wrinkle-erasure. Just before Mrs. W.'s last eye treatment, the lines were hard to see, even with the spotlight and magnifying glass Miss Ungár uses. Mrs. W., at this point, was feeling young again in more than face—her spirits sparkled, and she was full of plans for her new coiffure *showing* the forehead, new shapes for her eyebrows and lip-line. Miss Ungár commented that her whole facial expression had changed with the removal of the lines; because of so much eyebrow-lifting, she had cultivated a quizzical expression, and had shaped her eyebrows accordingly. After the treatments, her newly-smoothed face could be adapted to a better make-up plan.

Since many of the lines in faces are caused by unnecessary mannerisms of frowning, squinting, tensing, or over-lifting of eyebrows, part of this wrinkle-removing process is a short course in how to keep the face more relaxed in order to prevent the lines from returning. This Miss Ungár does by a sort of semi-mesmerism (though she protested the term)—"pretend that your skin is a stiff cap that comes down to your eyebrows." This, she explained, is a matter of being conscious of the muscle-movement of a face, and learning to control it. Mrs. W., from all appearances, learned this quickly and found, when she wanted to demonstrate how her forehead lines *used* to be, she had difficulty in making these lines reappear. Lines caused by natural facial movements like smiles are, of course, not possible to prevent—to stop smiling would be worse than having the lines. Forehead lines, with proper facial control, may stay gone indefinitely, but eye lines from smiles may return after two years, perhaps longer. When they do reappear, they can be "touched up"—probably only one treatment instead of three will be necessary to remove them again.

Throughout the treatments, Mrs. W. gave no signs of suffering though, during eye treatments, occasional tears formed. She never had to hide from temporary disfigurement, other than a slight reddening immediately after the treatments which medicated make-up toned down. The whole process took about six weeks (between treatments, one area of skin should have a week's rest). It could, Miss Ungár said, have been speeded up to four weeks. Approximate cost for the works: $350 to $450, depending on the seriousness of the condition.

Miss Ungár's method of line-removal was developed eight years ago, after three years of experimental work; the eyeline process has been used for three years. Her address: 160 East 70th Street, N.Y.

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Shine

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Pretty dinner dance to benefit the Southampton Hospital



Mr. William Hutton with Mrs. Stéphane Groueff.



Mrs. Frederick Melhado with Mr. Oakley Rhinelander.



A five-piece combo of the Lester Lanin Orchestra which played *bossa nova*, twist, and new show tunes.

Everyone danced the *bossa nova*, everyone knew everyone else, everyone sat at small candlelit tables for four to eight, and the party seemed far more like a cosy private one than a benefit. (It was at New York's Hotel Drake.) Instead of formal cards, the guests were invited by personal notes from the chairman, Madame Jacques Balsan, who was helped by her granddaughter, Mrs. Edwin Russell. One hundred and fifty people came, many of them summer residents of Southampton. Adding to the glow: many young beauties in pale, candle-straight long dresses dancing not only to "Desafinado," but also to such melodies from *Mr. President* as "The Secret Service."

Mr. Theodore Teryazos, Mrs. Joseph Meehan, a member of the committee, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mann.



Miss Charlotte Ford with Mr. Dennis Ross.



Mr. Gilbert Miller and Mrs. Edwin Russell with Mrs. Edgar Eyre and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.

BRANELL reflects all the chic of Araby in a beautifully illuminated dress of desert sand Moygashel linen. Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, I. Magnin, Julius Garfinckel. Moygashel linen is available, by the yard, at the best fabric counters. Hamilton Adams Imports, 24 W. 40th St., N.Y.





Chic of Araby – Rosalie Macrini shapes a wonderful swirl of white chiffon into the sweeping lines of the Far Eastern silhouette. Rich gold encrusted velvet bands waist and hood. RosalieMacrini

Bonwit Teller —all stores • Montaldo's—all stores • Julius Garfinckel & Co. • I. Magnin—West Coast

Fashions inspired by THE SAM SPIEGEL - DAVID LEAN production of LAWRENCE OF ARABIA A COLUMBIA PICTURES presentation

Fashions inspired by THE SAM SPIEGEL • DAVID LEAN production of LAWRENCE OF ARABIA •
A COLUMBIA PICTURES presentation



The chic of Araby And "Dacron"®

STELLA SLOAT loves the "Lawrence of Arabia" look, in homespun of 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% cotton. Does the beach dress superb. With dash. Drama. In these bold, brilliant stripes. 8-16. About $30. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

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Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or fashions shown.



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a lip shade only the chic will know

Sheik is an intriguing new shade for lips and finger tips, a color oasis for the woman who has wearied of winter. Part sun drenched orange sandstone, part moody desert twilight, it borrows the ever-changing shades of the desert to lend you an air of mystery. Miss Arden suggests that when you wear her new lip shade, you use a touch of Cactus Green Eye Shado and a dash of Kohl (the way a desert princess does), but she warns all members of the chic cult to wear Sheik with caution or you may end up betrothed to a chieftain. Sheik Click-Change Lipstick 2.00, Cream Rouge 2.00, Nail Lacquer 1.00. Cactus Green Cream Eye Shado 2.00. Gold Eye Shado 15.00. Kohl 5.00. Sport Dark Veiled Radiance 5.00 and 8.50. Sport Dark Invisible Veil Face Powder 3.00 and 5.00. Prices plus tax.

Make-up inspired by the Sam Spiegel–David Lean production of ***LAWRENCE OF ARABIA,*** *a Columbia Pictures release*

© 1963 ELIZABETH ARDEN

Elizabeth Arden

Fashions inspired by THE SAM SPIEGEL • DAVID LEAN production of LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
A COLUMBIA PICTURES presentation



The chic of Araby
And "Dacron"®
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A KITCHEN TOUR OF SPAIN

BY BETTY WASON

5 recipes from great Spanish kitchens, translated for the American cook

The itinerary started with Madrid, a proper beginning for a tour of Spain that was, as mine, designed to extract what goes into the production of some of the unforgettable Spanish food. Madrid is a blast of white and a collection of restaurants that range from sumptuous dining rooms where the service is almost unnervingly regal to small hostelries where one can reach out from one's table and touch the cook.

LAMB AT MADRID'S CASA BOTIN

For dinner in Madrid, we chose the slope-floored antiquity of the Casa Sobrino de Botín where the roast suckling lamb (or suckling pig) is grilled in a charcoal oven used continuously since the restaurant first opened in 1725.

But before dinner there was a visit to a tavern for *tapas* and drinks, for in Spain cocktails are never served at restaurants, only wine and brandy. At the Gayango on the narrow winding Nuñez de Arce, we sat on upturned wine casks and tried *chanquetes*, sardines the size of a thumbnail, fried as crisp as potato chips. Then, about eleven, to the Casa Botín. Recipe for *Cordero Asado:* Get the youngest and tenderest leg of lamb your butcher can provide. Ask him to bone and wrap it for you, then marinate at home in the following dressing, brushing the mixture well all over the meat: *¼ cup olive oil, 1 crushed garlic clove, salt, ½ teaspoon powdered cumin, ⅛ teaspoon orégano, 1 tablespoon vinegar.* Impale lamb on a rotating spit, fastening securely; insert a meat thermometer set at 150° in the centre. Grill on an electric rotisserie according to manufacturers' directions or over charcoal with a steady but moderate fire. Space briquets farther apart if fire becomes too hot, or douse flames with a little water if there is too much flaring. Brush occasionally with the marinade. Catch the sauce in a dripping pan under the meat (in charcoal fire, space briquets on either side of a boat made of extra-heavy foil), skim off excess fat, add water, boil up over direct heat to capture all browned bits in the pan, stirring until sauce is reduced by one-third. (If using electric rotisserie, turn to Bake position to boil up sauce.) Slice the lamb horizontally while on the spit, with a long-bladed very sharp knife. A five pound boned leg of lamb will serve six persons.

VEAL SCALLOPINI AT SEVILLE'S LOS CORALES

The near-midnight dinner hour is a relief in this southern city, for Seville does not cool down in the summer until after dark. Then you walk with what seems to be the entire population of the city down the Paseo Sierpes, past glittering modern cafés, glass-walled restaurants, and jammed sidewalk bars to find the renowned Los Corales. Downstairs, as in all Seville restaurants, is the bar; upstairs, the small, elegant dining room.

Our entrée that night was *Escalope Zíngara,* veal scallopini in a "gypsy sauce" of minced mushrooms and ham laced with sherry. Dessert was *Crema de Naranjas,* Curaçao-flavoured orange sherbet, frozen in a hollowed orange shell.

Recipe for *Escalope Zingara:* Pound *12 veal scallopini* with *¼ cup flour* and *¾ teaspoon salt* until worked in thoroughly, using a mallet or the edge of a plate. Heat *2 tablespoons butter,* and *2 tablespoons olive oil* in a skillet until butter is melted, sauté the scallopini quickly until lightly browned. Remove to a shallow casserole or copper baking dish. Add *2 tablespoons chopped onion, ½ green pepper,* minced, *½ cup minced ham,* and *¼ pound mushrooms,* minced, to skillet; cook until tender and lightly browned. Place a mound of this mixture over each scallopini. Add *¼ cup oloroso type sherry* to the skillet, increase heat, bring sherry to a boil, then add *1 cup water,* stirring to loosen all browned bits from bottom of pan. Simmer until sauce is reduced. Make a thin paste of *1 teaspoon cornstarch* and some of the sauce, add to the sauce, simmer until slightly thickened. Pour this over the scallopini. Add salt to taste. Complete cooking scallopini in 325° oven for 30 minutes. Makes six servings.

SHELLFISH AT BARCELONA'S EL AST

A drive up the beautiful hills of Barcelona has two things in its favour for lunch in this smart, cosmopolitan city: the view is exciting (on a very clear day you may see the Balearic Islands in the distance), and food eaten outdoors high above the sun-glinting bay takes on celestial flavour. At the El Ast restaurant on Montjuich, the specialty is spit-roasted chicken (*ast* means "skewer"), birds slowly turned before a flaming wall until golden and crisp and buttery-tender. The first course may be *Zarzuela de Mariscos,* a casserole of shellfish simmered in an herby wine-and-tomato sauce. With this, a delightful dry white wine, locally produced from the vineyards that surround Barcelona.

Recipe for *Zarzuela de Mariscos:* Cut *1 pound halibut* in pieces 1½ inches square. Dust with *1 tablespoon flour.* Cut *2 rock lobster tails* in thirds with poultry shears, removing undershells. Sauté the floured fish and the lobster in *4 tablespoons hot olive oil* until fish is lightly browned on both sides and lobster shell bright red. Add *1 pound shelled shrimp,* cook until pink. Add *2 tablespoons brandy,* set aflame. When flame has died out, remove fish, lobster, and shrimp. Add *1 medium onion,* chopped, *1 pimiento,* diced, and *2 cloves of garlic,* crushed, to oil, cook until soft. Add *3 tablespoons blanched, crushed almonds, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 or 3 large tomatoes,* peeled and chopped, cook gently until tomatoes are well-blended with other vegetables. Add *½ cup white wine* and *1 quart mussels,* well scrubbed, cover pan, cook until mussels have opened, about 8 minutes. Return fish, shrimp, and lobster to pan, add *1 tablespoon minced parsley,* cook 2 minutes longer. Serve from pan in which it cooked or from shallow casserole. Serves four to six.

Take as long as you like for lunch, no one minds. You may even linger until the sun starts to drop beneath the sea and the evening breezes begin to dance through the sultry downtown streets of the city.

STEAK IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY

San Sebastián has long been a popular British resort; Santander, five hours by car to the west, is preferred by the French. Between the two a fine highway winds over brilliantly green mountains which rise fjord-like above the Atlantic. Restaurants and hotels are tucked near crescent-shaped beaches all along the route, some enormously grand in a nineteenth-century way, others shy and inconspicuous. One may stop almost anywhere to have fabulous seafood on terraces where breezes sweep in a tang of salt.

Although the seafood was superb, a meal of charcoal-broiled steaks made the most vivid impression. Returning from Santander, we saw a sign, "Berriz, 2 km." Frank Howell, TWA's man in Madrid, had mentioned that there was a great restaurant in Berriz, the Julianchu. Because there was no sign outside, it wasn't easy to find the Julianchu although when we entered the bar it was packed with people. From the bar we inched to the spotlessly clean kitchen where the owner's wife was busy before a white-tiled stove. On a small porch, the restaurateur himself worked at a charcoal grill.

When we asked for *bifsteak* (Frank had said the place was noteworthy for steaks), the owner nodded, murmured, "Chuletas." While we waited in the small dining room for the *Chuletas* to be cooked, the owner's wife brought a huge tureen of soup, clear chicken broth delectably fragrant, afloat with tiny, tender noodles. Then the steaks came, a full two inches thick, crusted golden with garlic—veal steaks, white, tender, juicy. With the steak there was a salad, like the chicken broth, utterly simple, just right.

Recipe for *Chuletas de Ternera a la Julianchu:* In *2 thick rump chops of veal,* punch holes with heavy barbecue skewer; combine *½ cup olive oil, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 crushed garlic cloves, ¼ teaspoon orégano, ¼ cup white wine, freshly-ground black pepper,* brush over meat, forcing

(Continued on page 31)



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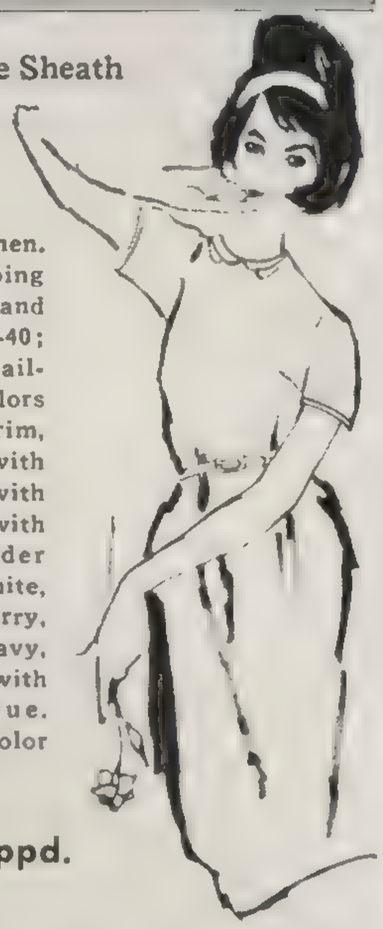


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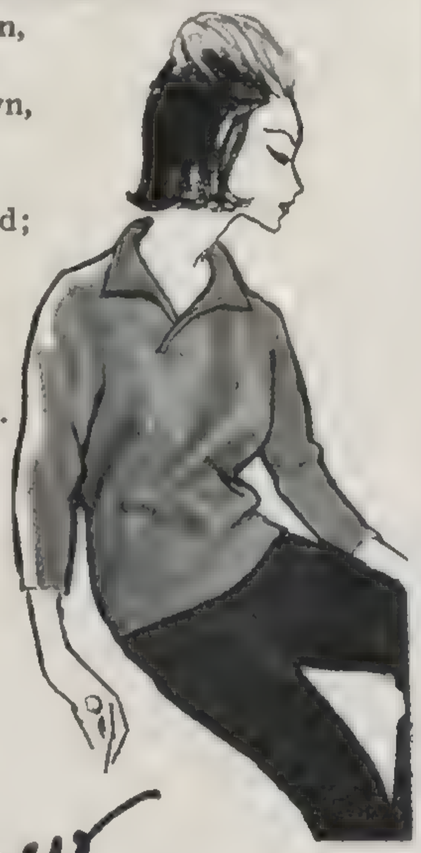
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SHOP HOUND:

PALM BEACH— THE PICTURE NOW

What's new to see, to wear, to go to

Judging from the dock reservations for yachts, this season at Palm Beach projects to be a big one, and an early one. The President's holidays here have started a wave of excitement, and given international status to the Shiny Sheet; the "Marlin," owned by his father, has for weeks been moored at the Peanut Island Coast Guard station, replacing the "Honey Fitz" this year for Kennedy-family cruises.

More Palm Beach news is found now in the skyline. Changes here: the new and Georgian-styled Florida Capital building near the entrance to the city, some handsome new apartment buildings—Lake Towers on Bradley Place with its own recreation building, space for forty yachts; the horseshoe-shaped President, with ninety-six apartment units; a new building by Edward Durell Stone called 400 South Ocean, said to "house sixty-four private town houses under one roof."



AT THE SEA. THE BARE-BROWN-MIDRIFF LOOK: SHORT KNITTED TOP, WITH LONG WHITE PANTS

Worth Avenue's shops, all one hundred and twelve of them, are open and bustling. These shops could qualify as the easiest and pleasantest shopping in the world; four blocks of arcaded sidewalks, a leisurely pace that allows for looking in dazzling windows, the fact that everything is easily accessible—most of these shops are boutique size, and have all their lures on one main floor. No crowded-elevator feelings here—if a shop is big enough to have two floors, there's a gracious wide staircase, carpeted. More leisure comes with the Vias, little cobblestone walk-ways

that intersect the Avenue, and lead off into nooks with other boutiques and small interesting restaurants (some of these offer tactful blazing fireplaces as comfort on the coolish days that are Florida's occasional embarrassment). One of the new shops, run by three Cuban women, is much the rage



FOR SHOOTING GAME IN THE PALMETTO LANDS—BUSH JACKETS, PANTS, BROWN LEATHER BOOTS

for great-but-expensive dresses, many beaded, and suits—all custom made. Two new men's shops have popped up.

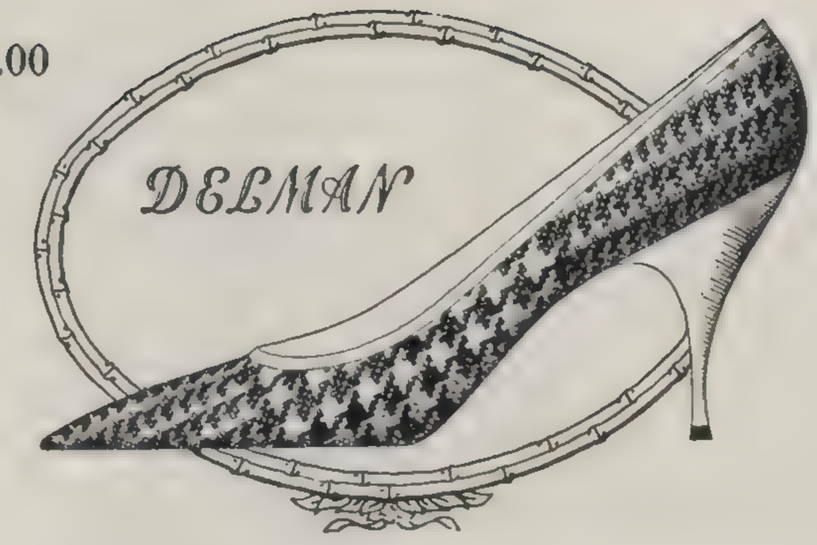
Filling fast is the schedule of social events that includes balls, benefits, exhibitions, entertainment, sports. This schedule, eased this year by a new service of the *Palm Beach Illustrated* called Datebook Desk—a clearing house for party dates (pick a night, and DD will tell you how many other



BIG BEACH LOOK NOW: A BATHING SUIT WITH A WET-SEAL SHINE, BROWN-MIDRIFFED OR ONE-PIECE

people picked it too). The Decoration and Design Show at the Royal Poinciana Plaza opens January 22 with a preview ball, held in the mall of the Plaza; this project, a benefit for the Palm Beach County Association for Retarded Children. The show, which continues for twenty-five days after

$37.00



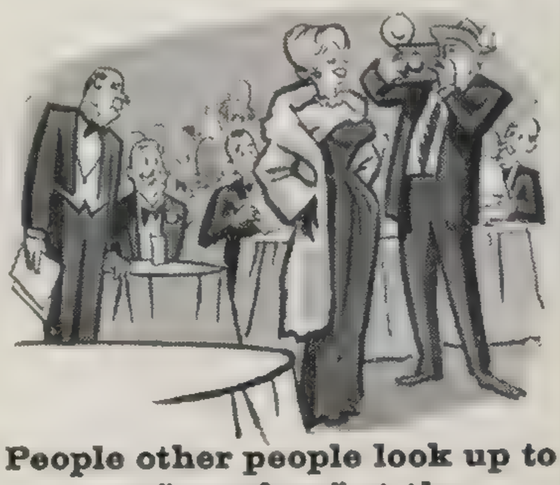
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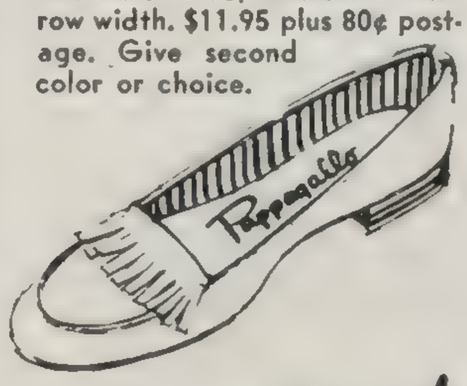
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SHOP HOUND: PALM BEACH

its opening, will consist of twenty rooms, each done by an A.I.D. designer, and planned around a famous painting—"Landscape" by Renoir is one; others include works by Utrillo, Buffet, with all paintings loaned from private collections and galleries. Important charity galas: the Heart Ball in February, the St. Mary's Hospital Ball on March 7, the Polo Ball on March 10. This year's Hospital Ball marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Mary's; chairmen are Mme. Jacques Balsan, Mrs. Stanton Griffis, Mrs. Benson Ford. Honorary chairman is Mrs. John F. Kennedy.



WHITE TO WIN IN—AT THE HIALEAH RACES, A DRESS OF WHITE PIQUÉ, MADE ON SKIMMY LINES.

Art galleries still attract Palm Beach interest, and all vernissages are festive social occasions—everyone dressed at black-tie level, and there. One of these to note: the Findlay Gallery's Spanish exhibition of Count de Quintanilla, in March. Collectors are also haunting shops now for Doughty birds of Royal Worcester porcelain which are rare—since the artist died—beautiful, and expensive. The Society of the Four Arts is currently showing a collection of Spanish paintings; Japanese ones are scheduled for February. Also planned by this society are programmes by Llewellyn Thompson, Ambassador at Large; Abigail Van Buren of the love-lorgnettes; Jorge Bolet, the noted Cuban pianist; Hal Holbrook as Mark Twain.

The Royal Poinciana Playhouse opens January 21 with *A Shot in the Dark*, starring Eva Gabor. New shows open here every Monday night, and each opening is a black-tie night that usually finishes in the adjoining Celebrity Room with dancing, a stunning view of Lake Worth through glass walls, television cameras that feed on interviews with important guests.

In the world of sport, this is a special occasion to note: the Latham Reed member-guest tournament at the Seminole Golf Club, to be played the third week in March.

Private entertaining is usually done at home, or at a club—the Bath and Tennis, or the Everglades. For buf-

fet lunch at the former, in the downstairs patio and bar, women sometimes wear bathing suits with cover-ups, but usually change to silk pants and overblouse. Also seen sometimes: Lillys, the now-famous chemise-muumuus that started in Palm Beach, launched by the same hand that's now making Sneaky Pete nightshirts. Worn with either of these: bare feet. For lunch upstairs at the B & T, a linen dress goes. Clothes here, and at Palm Beach generally, continue to vote conservative—anything too extreme (bikinis, except at private pools) is unwelcome. Lunch at the Everglades also calls for a presentable day dress; golfers in the Golf Pavilion here may lunch in shorts. Every Wednesday at the Everglades brings a Tombola lunch—an elaborate buffet, a fashion show. At the hotels by day, there are various degrees of dress; at one of the famous smaller hotels, it's not unusual to see women in silk pants, men in sport shirts. in the bar and lounge. Dinner and dancing at the Everglades means evening dress on Tuesdays, Thursdays,



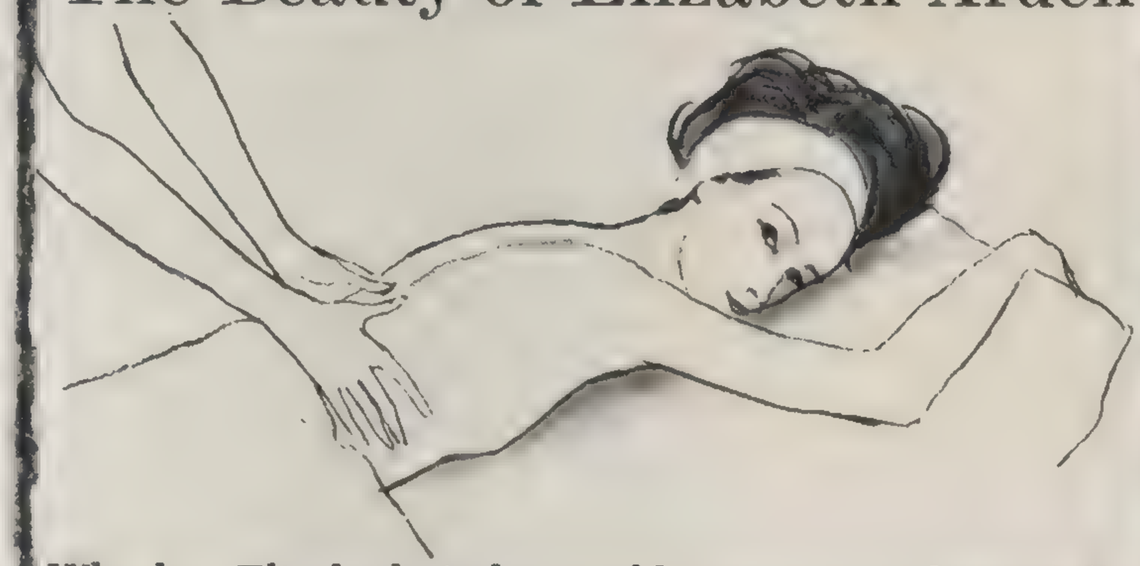
FOR A BLACK-TIE EVENING, HERE IN A PALM BEACH HOUSE—A LONG DRESS OF WHITE CRÊPE

Saturdays. At the hotels by night, one may dress or not, though Saturday night usually involves a black tie. To finish an evening: O'Hara's, one of the late spots, where the young crowd gathers to bossa nova. Seen there: everything from jeans to evening clothes. At-home entertaining often means silk pyjamas with great splashes of embroidered colour.

Besides swimming (in a usually well-mannered ocean, or pools), golf, tennis, another popular Florida sport is shooting. For this, Palm Beachers fly up to the Tallahassee area, west near Punta Gorda, or nearer home-base may rent palmetto-land by the day for shooting. Quail, turkey, duck, are the game, the shooters getting around either by horseback or mule-pulled wagon. Both men and women wear canvas-patched pants, brown Gokey boots, or high laced boots worn under pants. Jackets are bush or safari.

Another Florida plan to make life anywhere there more enjoyable: the idea of beautifying state roads to brighten up jaunts from one coast to the other—for, perhaps, a weekend of shooting, sailing, or just seeing how the tide will turn.

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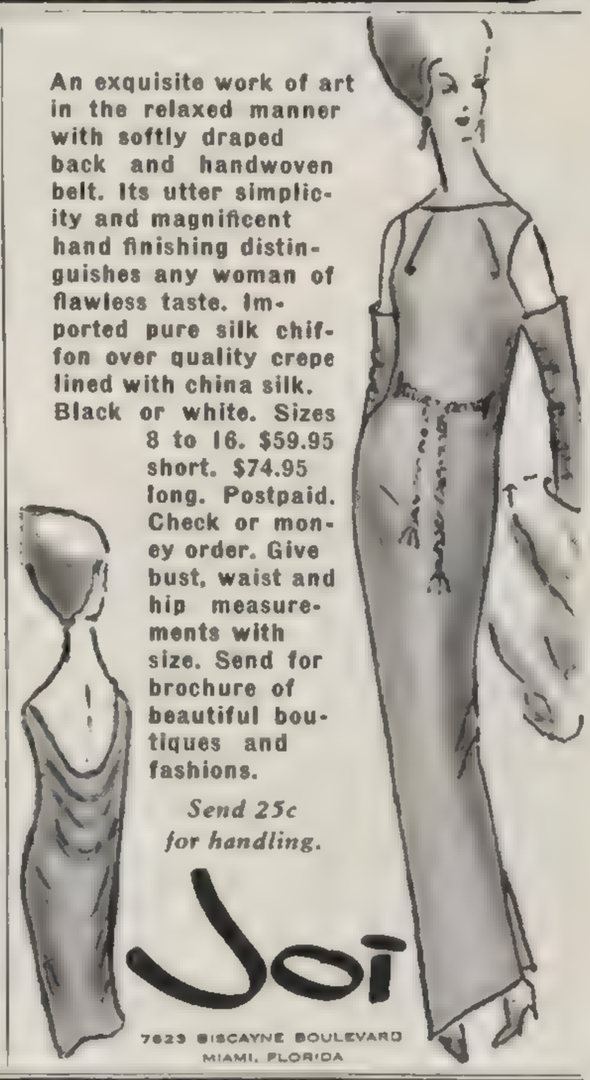


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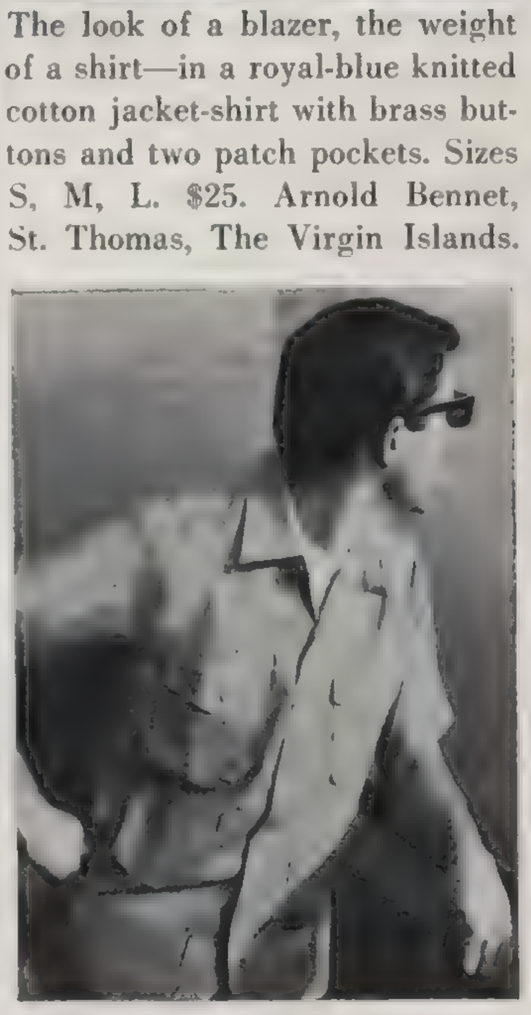
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KITCHEN TOUR OF SPAIN

(Continued from page 25)

liquid of marinade into holes. Let stand in marinade at room temperature for at least 1 hour. Place over hot coals of barbecue grill, five inches from heat, cook until crisply browned, basting occasionally with marinade. Fire should not be too hot; space briquets farther apart to slow cooking. The steaks will be large. Each may be enough to make two servings—though with steaks it is always hard to estimate how much is needed to satisfy masculine appetites.

Dessert was brought to us without being asked for: a feather-light confection filled with chopped dates in delicate custard, masked with a creamy froth the señora described inadequately as *merengue*, which brought to a close what can be accurately described as a perfect meal.

PAELLA AT BARCELONA'S LOS CARACOLES

In midtown Barcelona as twilight deepens, the night stir of the city begins, for Barcelona is a haven for artists, writers, and musicians, and an eclectic quality pervades the air. For dinner, we chose Los Caracoles, a justly famous spot in the city's old quarter. One walks straight from the front door into the kitchen. We paused to watch one cook making a *paella:* he took up a stove lid, placed the pan directly over the red-orange glow of the open fire, splashed water into the fire so that steam billowed up, then gave the pan a quick, easy shake. Then to another pan, another quick shake, adding a little sauce, a sprinkle of salt.

Recipe for *Paella sin Historias*, meaning "without bones": Cut *3 rock lobster tails* in thirds, removing undershell. Chop *1 whole, boned, chicken breast*, and *¼ pound lean pork* in small squares. Sauté chicken, pork and *1 small onion*, minced, in *4 tablespoons olive oil* until chicken is crisply brown. Add lobster, *1 large tomato*, peeled and chopped, and *1 or 2 garlic cloves*, crushed, cook 2 minutes. Add a *pinch of saffron*, *1½ cups rice*, *1 cup shelled peas*, *salt*, and *12 well scrubbed mussels*, stir to coat with oil. Pour on *3¾ cups boiling water*, bring again to a boil, cook over moderately high heat 10 minutes. Shake pan briskly, or give a quick, gentle stir, cover tightly, turn off heat and keep in warm place 15 to 20 minutes until all liquid is absorbed. Makes six servings.

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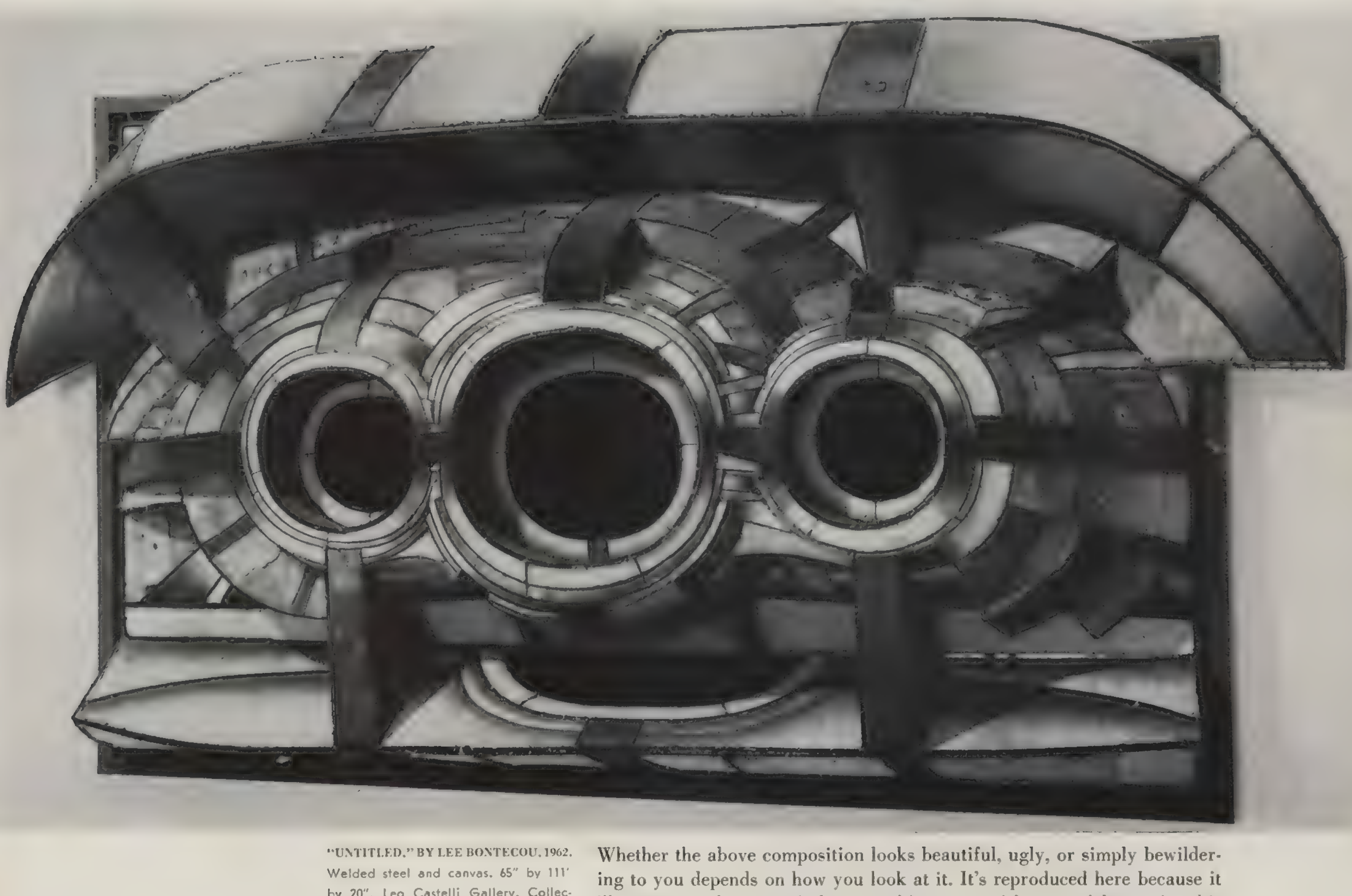


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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF THE CHANGING EYE



"UNTITLED," BY LEE BONTECOU, 1962. Welded steel and canvas. 65" by 111' by 20". Leo Castelli Gallery. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Schweber.

Whether the above composition looks beautiful, ugly, or simply bewildering to you depends on how you look at it. It's reproduced here because it illustrates rather concisely something we wish to celebrate in this issue, about beauty. Which is: the standard of beauty has changed, because our way of looking at it has changed. There is a new kind of beauty, because there's a new response to it—a new perspicacity in the eye of the beholder. Perhaps you recall the hero of the robust Victorian thriller, *The Woman in White*, saying of one young female character, "The lady was ugly." And so she probably was, by Victorian standards—which ran to Grecian noses, golden tresses, and big, blue, tear-brimmed eyes. By those standards, Sophia Loren's looks would get her no place. But by ours, Laura Fairlie—the heroine of *The Woman in White*—would look insipid. The new beauty comes on strong with a universal style and glow—a positive dash that rides right over the old specifics. She is hard to define but easy to spot. All you need is the new eye to see her with.

THE REBELLION IN BEAUTY

Like all rebellions, it began with a violent, impetuous revolt—the surge of the young against the past, with their passionate refusal to imitate, and their insistence on new untrammelled ways. It started with the Italian look—at first sight strange and curious—of huge, painted eyes in a pale face, with hair springing away from the head, the look of strong but narrow bodies, practical hands, and feet bare more often than anyone had seen bare feet before. Radical then, as all rebellions must be, it swept in, along with some wildcat changes, a fresh exciting era in which everyone began to look marvellous. Now, in the 1960's, every woman writes her own idiom for good looks.

Looking beat is out. Dresden is dead. Anything that smacks of aggressive guile or triviality or laboured artifice belongs to the past. So does the "interloping beauty"—pirate woman or dragon lady or any of the professional exotics. Despotism—the ultimate horror in beauty, with its insistence on a certain nose, a special profile, a mouth derived from classics—has perished, and clearly realistic women, looking at life from anything but "a pedestal of divinity,"



JACQUELINE KENNEDY,
MOST PHOTOGRAPHED OF THE MODERN BEAUTIES,
PROJECTED HERE BY THE DOTS
OF A PHOTO-ENGRAVING SCREEN



have taken over and gone on from there. In Italy, for instance, after World War II, the old slow romance with the past merged in swift, violent catalyst with rootlessness, with an enforced stress on inner lights that changed the female face, rebalancing it, and revealing a new allure, a modern beauty that depended not on youth and luxury (always a winning combination), not on prescribed physical proportions, but on spirit and projection.

It is no longer a conceit to have a bold, almost animalic head, charged with awareness, authority, and undisguised pleasure in the full world; all the old enclosures in fakery have gone by the board. Does this make women dull? No. Boyish or gauchely competitive? No. And no again. They've preserved a tenacious hold on mystère that may for some time continue to un-nerve psychiatrists and sociologists; and in America, in any case, the birth rate has rocketed in a most amazing manner. Out of survival came a new variety of woman, a new honesty, a new passion that rings changes all over the female map.

What came first? Deliberately turbulent hair? Bare feet in Mediterranean sandals? . . . To the archaeologist of the future some pat sequence may be apparent. Or may not. (The origins of the life-celebrat-



DONNA IRA PIGNATARI.
ONE OF THE NEW ERA'S COMPELLING BRUNETTES.
HALF AUSTRIAN, HALF ITALIAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KLEIN.







ing Parisienne of Knossos are, after all, not entirely susceptible to documentation.) For women who had gone from just prettyifying lipstick to black-red lipstick, the new pale pinks and practically-no-lipstick-at-all came as something of a shock. But not much of a shock. And the lipstick-change was buffered by the fact that they were busy making up their eyes to dominate and re-balance the face. Now with eye make-up on a new, less broody tack, they are rediscovering rouge, not for prettiness, but for its power to intensify the natural light of unbridled health. They are learning that bones are, if not a figment of beauty-thinking thirty years ago, at least dispensable. With colour or spirit or a nicely gimmicked eyebrow—or a little bit of luck—beauties happen now and come into their own without sensational bones.

The whole idea of figures analyzed by the tape measure has faded; proportions in the "ideal" sense no longer exist. What matters is the look of liveliness and vigour,

MRS. HOWARD OXENBERG—
A NEW LEONARDO FACE WITH A GIOCONDA LILT:
GREEN-FLECKED BROWN EYES, PALEST LIPS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT STERN.



THE REBELLION IN BEAUTY

of long legs, a strong neck, and a supple spine. Stance and gesture have changed accordingly; they are no longer bound by the affectation of naturalness. Hands are beautiful to the modern eye when they're as clean and strong as a good surgeon's, when they look temporarily at leisure, as if they could take on a tough job when and if it came along. And they may very well belong to a woman who gilds her eyelids when she goes out at night. She's the same woman, by the way, who comes home to tackle the two A.M. bottle for the youngest child. (Posterity's hunger remains constant.)

Her voice—and she does have one—is a matter of controversy. Although the mashed-potato school is thoroughly extinct, there is some evidence that it may have been succeeded by a semi-whisper that crosses all boundaries—regional, economic, whatever—setting up the one real contradiction to the rebellion. There's that old mystère again—with the instinct to escape the dull trap of unwavering consistency.

THE SISTERS:
MISS JEAN HANNON AND MRS. HANNON KELLY—
STRONG FACES, CLEAR BRILLIANT EYES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PENN

WHO WEARS WHAT MAKE-UP

Who wears make-up is: all the young women discussed below. And they wear it as they wear fashion, tempering the best new ideas with their own special zing of authority; changing their look—often—and changing the fashion. In the words of one, "Make-up defines your own image of yourself—you know who you are, what you are. And it's a marvellous feeling." Here then, are five individual images.

MISS CHARLOTTE FORD has, year round, the glow of a first-of-May suntan. Her hair is bisque-blond, her colouring tea-and-cream. And her make-up is simply a projection of the overall feeling of exuberant good health. Day and evening she wears a rosy beige foundation and powder—somewhat paler at night, however. Her theory is that dark make-up gathers shadows in artificial lighting; light make-up deflects them. Miss Ford has a theory, too, about what makes a maquillage stay, and this may very well be the cosmetics-equivalent of a cure for the common cold. Goes this way: before any make-up, she slathers on a layer of rich lubricating cream; blots off the excess in an hour or so, and then—very, very lightly—she powders her face. Then liquid foundation, followed by a really earnest powdering. She uses a delicious rose-woody shade of cake-powder rouge—fluffs it on all over with a sable brush. As for eye make-up: charcoal pencil for her brows; white shadow—an eye magnifier—for day, blue or green over it for evening (her eyes are, charmingly, both colours at once). Her liner—which she draws quite thickly, and on the upper lid only—comes in two parts: a black paste and a clear liquid which mix to range the basic black from smoke-grey to pitch. Lipstick is also a two-part invention: pale, mauvey brown topped with a bright racy pink. The effect? A sensationally idealized version of no-lipstick-at-all.

MISS GLORIA VANDERBILT believes that successful make-up involves a certain give and take. What she gives—apart from an enviable starting base of ivory skin, dark hair, and enormous daisy-centre eyes—is: Time—ideally two hours, from nap to bath to final blot of lipstick. Proper staging—for evening her looking glass is a three-way theatrical mirror, studded with flat, true, north-light bulbs; for day she keeps an unlighted triple mirror in a bank of windows facing the shadowless north. Self-awareness—she has always regretted what she calls her "overlapping" upper lids, makes up her own version of a Garboesque "hood"; creamy brown eye shadow covers the entire eye area, pales as it stretches into the eyebrows; in back of the upper lashes (drawn out a jot at the corner) goes a nearly quarter-inch stripe of lid-defining black liner. She slivers a second line from the centre of her lower lid out to the edge of the eye, and sets all lines instantly with powder. Miss Vanderbilt is, in fact, particularly adroit at special effects. One of her most impressive, for evening: luminosity without shine, *with* tremendous staying power. And here's how that works: first, a creamy stick foundation, in a shade slightly darker than her natural colouring; eye shadow and liner; cream rouge from the tip of her cheekbones up to the temples. Then, with all the creamy cosmetics in place, what follows is a thick, meticulously pressed-in layer of a theatrical powder called—with absolute accuracy—Dead White. When this has quite settled in—it takes a moment or so—she dabs her face briskly with a dampened sponge, flicking on lights as she goes. Nowadays the lipstick that goes with her make-up—day or evening—is likely to be a zingy deep red, the colour of dead-ripe cherries. It is, like her rouge, (Continued on page 108)

MRS. FREDERICK AMES CUSHING, right, is a beauty of strong contrasts—mother-of-pearl skin; jet-brown hair, brows; astonishingly large and limpid dark eyes. She wears make-up mainly in the evening, and primarily to emphasize her eyes: Black cake liner, drawn with a brush, goes across both upper and lower lash-lines—extended out a bit along the upper lid, blurred slightly into the lower lashes (tricky, this blurring, but essential; it's what gives the look its melting softness. Mrs. Cushing uses the tip of her little finger—gingerly). Black mascara goes on both upper and lower lashes, and a smudge of ash-grey powdered shadow moulds the entire eye area, from upper lid to eyebrow. No eyebrow pencil. And her lipstick is a soft beige; her face powder, the merest flick, and almost colourless.

MRS. FREDERICK AMES CUSHING:
MELTING EYES; A MAGNIFICENT HEAD, HELD PROUDLY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON



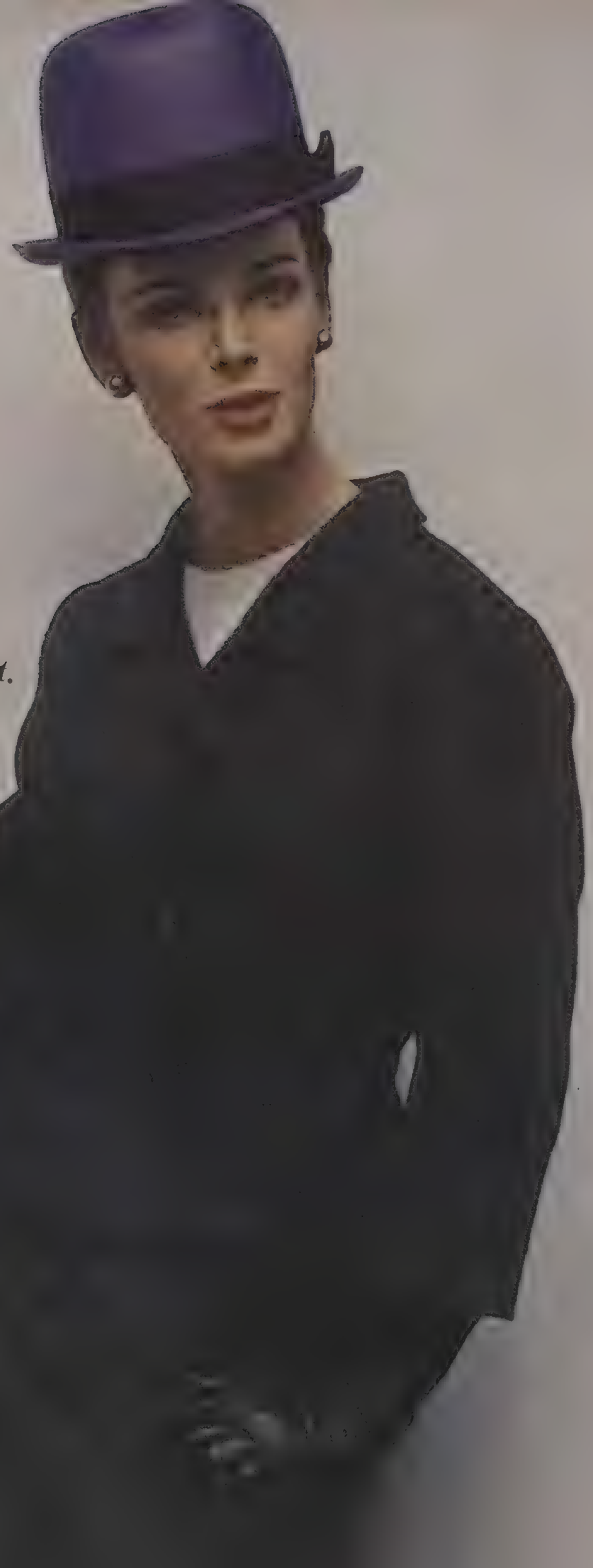
What's to be snapped up now? This year's news in ways to look—absolutely snappy. To start with, before we get into a shred of clothes, this above all: the smaller head now, with more hair at the sides, straight or bent to a soft curve (photographs of hair along these lines are on pages 92-95). Framed by this kind of hair, the face of this year—freshly balanced by the bloom of rouge that opens up new dimensions, gives chase to pale-and-wanness (note now: it's chic to be healthy—and *look* it). Going along with this blooming freshness, brown eyebrow pencil gives a clearer look than black which, in some cases at least, can have too much of a waxed-moustache starkness. . . . Many of these clothes-snaps can be heard at fashion-receiving stations north or south, and they go like this: In tonalities that take a colour and use it at several strength-levels—charcoal with grey, perhaps, with a stock and hat of white kidskin; gloves of mocha leather play well with this idea. Or all the blues in lapis, used together with the snap of white kidskin gloves. . . . To spring from the cardigan neck of a suit or coat—a shirt collar or high turtle neck, pulled up and out for more dimension around the face. Or, in the same capacity, swathe up one of the geometric scarfs from Balenciaga or Givenchy. . . . And, speaking of that cardigan suit, if it's Chanelish, remember its authority depends on this: walking, sitting, standing, as straightly as does Mlle. C. herself—these are not cosy clothes to huddle in. . . . Some milk-and-honey looks great for north, south, or getting there: sleeveless suède pullovers in suits—one in snuff colour could strut its snuff with a coat and skirt of white mohair; waistcoats of either suède or fabric, worn in suits as sleeveless blouses, or over shirts: a princesse coat and skirt of peanut-beige jersey with a white turtle-neck sweater. . . . Turbans: another way to the smaller, more controlled outline of the head; worn with bigger earrings paved or rimmed in jewels. Perhaps an organdie turban—one to percolate: coffee-black, to wear with same-colour matte silk shoes, smoky stockings, black dress. . . . Speaking of earrings, two of a kind doesn't always win now—in the case of one enamelled pair, by Schlumberger, colour one blue, one green. The same non-togetherness idea is around in pearls—one black earring, one white. Other jewel-thoughts: wear a pin so high on the shoulder that it silhouettes above it, not against it. Or, instead of a jewel, pin a bunch of violets on a suit of café-au-lait tweed, add grey gloves, a tiny domed hat of white kidskin that just covers the hairline. . . . Colour news with a special snap of flattery: jade green, in wonderful new shades for north or south. North, have it in a wool coat to wear with cerise hat, brown gloves. South, these enchanting possibilities—pale jade chiffon, or deeper jade in a shantung-gauze fabric called Barbacane that's flue but crisp, for day dresses. . . . Other fabric news to have in white or clear brights under the sun—piqués, cloqués, all kinds of waffled or bubbling-over surfaces, including a bogus-crocodile woven of synthetic fibres, new and amusing after six. . . . For a cold-snap, these warming texture-depths to wear après-ski: a white monkey fur windbreak jacket, black embroidered velvet boots with black duvetyn pants, a satin brocade pullover.

Snapped-up looks

BERT STERN

The violet bowler—
new glow for black tweeds.
Jacket flipped out at the hips, white silk blouse flashed at the neck;
both making pertinent fashion comment.
Suit, of lightweight wool, by George Carmel. Straw hat by Gustave Tassell.

Suit, about $235 (Bellaine wool, loomed in America).
Hat and suit: Bergdorf Goodman.
Suit, also at Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; Bullock's-Wilshire.
Earrings by Monet.
Gloves by Kislav. Lipstick, Madly Mauve by Revlon.



Snapped-up looks



<u>Tattersall</u>—new dash out
of black-barred white,
worn with a yellow
beam of bowler,
and something
spanking clean
and breezy
about it all.
In tattersall checks
here, a windbreak dress
with long cuffed sleeves. Dress
and hat by Gustave Tassell.

Dress of
Dumas-Maury wool.
Kidskin gloves by Superb.
All at Bonwit Teller.
Dress and hat:
Harold's; Neiman-Marcus.
I. Magnin. Lipstick:
Parisian Pink,
by Jaquet.



BERT STERN

Peplum of lace
and tucks in beige
on white-sand linen. Same
beige lace edging the high
babushka—when has one been
tied so ravishingly? The right
slant on bare shoulders;
the right narrow belling
for the skirt. Dress from
Maurice Rentner. The
lipstick to snap
with white-sand,
Coral Shell by
Antoine.

Dress of Bianchini
linen, about $200.
Gloves by Meyers Make.
Both at Saks Fifth
Avenue. Dress, also at
Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres;
Neiman-Marcus.



Snapped-up looks



Ribcage seaming, narrowing
the dress that's built on
the straight and narrow,
its fabric, beige,
fine-grained; the
neckline,
collarbone-
high in
front, veers to
a lower curve at the
back. By Trigère. The
hat, a sou'wester of straw
and velvet in the same degree
of beige, by Emme.

Dress of Staron's
Barbacane in Fibranne rayon.
At Saks Fifth Avenue;
Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel;
Dayton's. Earrings by
Nettie Rosenstein.

BERT STERN



Snapped-up looks

Freshness—the mild sweet snap of apricot. Suit jacket, gently shaped; the ring collar, recessed. By Marquise. Further freshness: the off-white gloves, the beige fedora.

Suit of bouclé wool, about $185. At Hattie Carnegie; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Hudson's. Earrings by Marvella. Kidskin gloves by Fuchs. Emme hat. Stendhal's G-17 Accent Pink lipstick.



The new princesse—an easier, rangier line persuaded by seams that turn into pleats. Deep-blue linen, slip-simple, with butterfly bows—one at Empire level. By Townley. With it, a steep cartwheeling hat.

Dress, of Moreau linen, about $100. Adolfo hat. Both at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Lipstick for deep blues: Du Barry's Cool Coral

BERT STERN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new wave of the French government with the disappearance of those splinter parties, the thin plaster holding together the West German government, their effect on our Administration. . . . Assam and Ladakh as if they were suburbs. . . . The brilliance of attack by Vladimir Horowitz in the new Columbia record on which he plays Rachmaninoff, Schumann, and Liszt. . . . The harsh oppressiveness of the Laurence Olivier movie, *Term of Trial*, in which a good cast, including Simone Signoret, Terence Stamp, and Sarah Miles, sinks into "working class" brutality.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sting of Vladimir Ussachevsky's electronic music underscoring the chill movie, *No Exit*, in which Jean-Paul Sartre leaves unanswered the question: "Does one tip in Hell?" . . . The American businessmen who started the Tools for Freedom movement to persuade American companies to give their idle or outdated machines to technical schools in Asia, Africa, or South America. . . . In London, the new gambling place, 44 Berkeley Square, a great William Kent house where the guests dine in a Gothic pavilion and play chemin de fer in the drawing room.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, a quintet of funny-ugly young Italians, called *Les Brutos*, who writhe, scream, and screw up their faces as they yell out pop songs. . . . *You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man* by Richard Bissell who has amassed an amusing clump of stories, theories, and history of the university, with such sideswipes at Yale as this anecdote: Woman (*to tramp*) : *Now if you don't go away at once I'll call my husband—and he's an old Harvard football player./* Weary Willie: *Lady, if yer love him, don't call him out, I used ter play wid Yale.* . . . Among boys at New York preparatory schools, the sudden rush on black astrakhan hats, like those worn by Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. . . . In Italy, the new song sweep, "Stasera Pago Io," another of those organ-grinder melodies.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The flinching one-joke comedy, *Never Too Late*, saved from misery by the vibrating inventiveness of Paul Ford who steps over his lines like a turkey on wire netting, of Orson Bean who gets more unfinished looking as the play goes on, and Maureen O'Sullivan who gets prettier and prettier. . . . Katharine Whitehorn's line in the London *Observer:* "To be really it you say you are wearing a wig when you aren't.". . . New York's Winter Antiques Show where knowing collectors stroll the aisles casually, their eyes catching on unbroken sets of Lowestoft, all for the benefit of the East Side House Settlement. . . . *The Politics of Hope* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., who goes into his good act, combining scholarship, tindery wit, and tough-mindedness.

Undeluded, big, a careful watcher of people and words, Charles E. Bohlen, the Ambassador from the United States to France, is one of the diplomatic pros, the men who not only speak the language but know what to say in it. (He says it in French, Russian, and English.) Now settled in the Paris Embassy with his wife—a blonde, solidly pretty and slightly remote woman with a delicious sense of humour—Bohlen joined the Foreign Service in 1929, two years after his graduation from Harvard; his assignments have included four years as Ambassador to Moscow, two as Ambassador to the Philippines, and two just recently as a special State Department advisor on Soviet Affairs. In Washington, the Bohlens lived in a small house with a fine library, had a talky, interesting circle of friends. Not a scholar but a great index of information, Bohlen liked evenings at home—liked to sit alone, wearing old corduroy pants and sipping beer, slouched in a chair reading. When he ocasionally interrupts his own monumental silences, he does so acutely. He is, distinctly, a knower, with deceptively so-what, sleepy eyes—as a friend said: "Chip's sleepy, all right. Sleepy like an eagle."

AMBASSADOR AND MRS. CHARLES E. BOHLEN

CECIL BEATON

It was a blessing to hack one's way out of the suburbs of Rome and on to the Appian Way for Naples—a beautiful road, through the Pontine Marshes, that meets the sea at Terracina. Ten miles further down the new coast road you come, after Sperlonga, to the first of several road tunnels through the cliffs, and just before it, behind barbed wire, are the excavations of Tiberius's grotto which my wife and I were determined to visit. You are supposed to have a letter from some high authority in Rome to gain access to the site, but the name of the *Sunday Times* of London worked with the guardian and we scrambled down through the clumps of wild love-in-a-mist, and scuttling green lizards, to the scene of the excavations and the hutments which house some of the rich treasure-trove of sculpture—alas, all in fragments—recovered since 1957 under the direction of Professor Jacopi.

The huge grotto that opens to seaward and that has now been completely cleared of rubble is splendidly romantic—a grandiose water-folly adjoining the foundations of what must have been a handsome belvedere standing back from the shore-line of the graceful Bay of Sperlonga. In the floor of the deep grotto there is a twenty-foot-wide circular swimming pool fed by a freshwater spring. In the centre of the pool stands a square pediment that may have held an enormous group of Laocoön wrestling with his serpents. One single marble leg of this statue and bits of the serpents have been recovered, and the leg alone is seven feet high! Adjoining this circular pool are large fish tanks fed tidally with seawater, and the custodian suggested, rather fancifully perhaps, that these had contained the giant moray eels to which slaves were fed to improve the flavour of this famous Roman delicacy. The walk round the swimming pool had been terraced with bright-blue mosaic and statues are thought to have been arranged as sculpture for the interior walls of the cave, while some may have stood guard at either side of (Continued on next page)

NAPLES:
SOME RATHER JAMES BOND ADVENTURES

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BY IAN FLEMING

This sophisticated, arrogant master of the thriller, the creator of that most arrogant and sophisticated British Secret Service agent, James Bond, is a rather English Walter Mitty kind of man who prefers to live in a dreamy world of Edwardian comfort, food, luxury, travel, and sports except when he goes to his office at the London *Sunday Times* where he is a consultant on Foreign Affairs. (He is also rather antisocial, likes to go to bed early.) Much of his relaxation comes partly from remembering and transposing adventures from his days with the Naval Intelligence Division of the Admiralty. Quite recently he said that his stories "are written for warm-blooded heterosexuals in railway trains, aeroplanes, and beds," adding that "most of the settings of my books are in themselves interesting and pleasurable." Such a setting is Naples where Fleming took on a few adventures himself for he, like Bond, feels that only certain places around the world have a poetry, a romance, and an excitement.

CECIL BEATON



the entrance and on the headland to the east. But these are nothing more than theories, for at some time the beautiful cavern with all its elegant eccentricities was smashed to fragments, perhaps with the advent of the Christians some hundred years after the date that has been provisionally given for the creation of the grotto.

I wonder if Tiberius really was such a monster as we have always heard. It seems that his memory aroused such loathing that even long after his death people were still savagely smashing the vestiges of the monuments he had left behind. Were Tacitus, Suetonius, and Juvenal, who tore at him like maddened wolves, any more than high-class gossip writers? No doubt that is heresy. But the fashion of giving historical idols feet of clay makes me wonder if some of the traditional villains don't deserve the opposite treatment. Real monsters are even more difficult to credit than real saints. I was still musing on this weighty theme when we arrived in Naples.

To the hardened traveller the almost bestial harshness of Naples comes with almost the same shock as one's very first visit to the Continent. Here there still thrives the true "foreigner." Here you are still cheated, jostled, burgled, and generally intimidated by the inhabitants as you were at, say, Calais in your early teens. It is as if, as you arrive, the whole town licks its lips and says, "Here he comes," and you are then set upon with a relish and an ingenuity which never slacken until you have got away again with your life and the relics of your purse. During the war Naples took on the whole might of the American Base Headquarters in Italy and skinned it like a rabbit. Submarine telephone cables across the Bay had huge sections cut out of them for the sake of the copper wire, heavy tanks, crippled in the taking of the city and temporarily abandoned, gradually melted away as if they had been made of ice cream, and the ordinary G.I. was skinned, boned, consumed, and spat out as if he had been one of those flannelly Neapolitan fish they force you to eat in their restaurants.

The chief operators in this process of eviscerating the foreigner are the packs of teen-age *delinquenti* operated, Fagin-like, by older gangs, that infest the poorer quarters of the city. One particular trick they had with the errant G.I. has a macabre genius that will forever haunt me. The G.I., preferably a Negro, on pleasure bent, would be enticed into some den and there sold a bottle of venomous hooch. When he had consumed this firewater and fallen unconscious, the ragamuffins would drag him out into an alley, put him on a handcart, and wheel him off through the back streets to where the Fagins would be waiting. The boys would receive some small change for their trouble and the body of the G.I., complete with clothes, wallet, wristwatch, et cetera, would be put up for auction among the Fagin cooperative. Sold to the highest bidder, he would then be stripped of all his belongings and hustled off into the hinterland where, when he recovered, he would be put to manual work in some distant vineyard until, through undernourishment or some other cause, he became useless. He would then be banged on the head and left somewhere down by the docks for the military police to collect.

Little remains of those golden days except the black market in cigarettes, liquor, et cetera, still copiously fed from Tangier and Beirut, and a thriving market in pornography. Dirty postcards were offered me at 9:38 one morning—a record in my experience. There is also the narcotics traffic to America which is so cunningly and successfully manipulated that many people could find nothing better to do until his death in 1962 than to put the blame, by rumour and innuendo, on Lucky Luciano.

Just before Raymond Chandler died, I arranged for him to visit Naples and meet Lucky Luciano in the hopes that Chandler, fast running out of a desire to write about anything, would have his imagination stirred by the man who was the last surviving fragment of the myth of the Al Capone era. Chandler came back to England convinced that Luciano had been framed by fellow gangsters and offered up as a hostage for their own safety. Chandler, to my delight, became very excited by this new view of Luciano and sketched out to me the plot of what might have been a most exciting play on the story of a wronged gangster. But he thought that Luciano had been so harshly treated by fate that he decided to write to him to ask permission before embarking on his project, but Luciano never replied to his letters. That finished the idea so far as Chandler was concerned, but when I planned to visit Naples I made arrangements through "Our Man in Rome," to meet Lucky Luciano and come to my own conclusions about him.

This was not an easy thing to do. Lucky Luciano was leery of publicity, perhaps because he modestly realized that he was famous only in a rôle which he would prefer to forget. He was also tired of being pursued, every time the American Fleet was in, by gawking sailors who assured him fervently that the only things they wanted to see in Italy were him and the Pope. But the meeting was arranged and the day after our arrival Luciano came to tea in the formal surroundings of the Hotel Excelsior.

Lucky Luciano was a neat, quiet, grey-haired man with a tired, good-looking face. Whether he deserved the notoriety attached to his name or not, he had certain physical characteristics which one associates with men of power and decision—unsmiling, rather still eyes, a strong decisive jawline, and a remarkable economy of movement and expression. We sat chummily in the corner of the vast lounge, my wife and Mrs. Lee Thody, a brilliant free-lance photographer who, thanks to Luciano's trust in her, had been able to stage the tea party, Lucky Luciano, and myself. The polite handing round of sugar and milk and the dainty nibbling of biscuits amused me.

Luciano's general appearance of a minor diplomat or government official fitted in well with this civilized ritual. He was well-dressed in casual grey tones, white silk shirt and dark tie, and he was expensively, though unobtrusively, barbered and manicured (by two barbers every morning, I understand). It was only when he talked that undertones of Runyonese gave evidence of his past in Chicago.

"There is this man which I told you tries to frame me, which is this man from the Narcotics Bureau. I have the evidence of this frame stamped by a judge of this court in Palma and in Catania which is where the retrial takes place. There is this Mayor who is murdered which I am supposed to have done, together with a kidnap in Tangier and a lot of other stuff which is about people I never even heard of, and this son of a bitch"—(embarrassed pause)—"if you'll pardon the expression, this person says I am involved in these things, things I never even heard of until I read them in the newspapers. Well, you know what happens? The Italian police get to look into this frame which has been dreamed up by the American Narcotics Bureau and I am asked to attend the trial. The judge which is looking after the case asks me if I know anything about these things, and when I say no he says then you may leave the court. And then the prosecution gets up and asks three years for this guy for perjury for trying to frame me, and the guy gets two and a half years. See what I mean? These American Narcotics people are always trying to frame me. For why? Which is because they can't think of anyone else to frame for all the narcotics going into the United States. They are always making fools of themselves these people. How do you suppose I can live peacefully here in Naples, where everybody knows everybody's secrets, if I am mixed up in things like that? I guess these guys is mad at me because I call them 'the bicarbonate policemen,' which is because they are always

getting guys lined up on account they have been drug smuggling, and they get an agent to go to these guys to buy dope, and these guys take the money and say thank you very much, and hand over a secret-looking packet, and when the Bureau opens it up why it's just bicarbonate of soda."

We all sympathized. Then I asked wasn't it true that the bulk of the drugs getting into America came from Italy? No, said Lucky Luciano, that was old hat. Now, as he read in the papers, it was coming in from Mexico, "And do you know what, Mr. Fleming? It's all the fault of the American Government. They are not handling this narcotics problem right, which is why it goes on getting worse every year. Washington is spending billions of dollars every year trying to stamp out the traffic, but that is not the way to stop it. You have to realize, Mr. Fleming, that this stuff is expensive, and you need maybe two hundred dollars a week to get the stuff and who has that kind of money? So the mainliners have to steal or murder to get the money to buy the stuff. So what ought Washington to do? They ought to set up clinics all over the country where you can register as a drug-taker like you do in England, and go and get your dose for nothing, for free. So every time you go to the clinic, which has plenty of entrances so you won't be recognized, you get tapered off a fraction, a very small fraction. So in the end you get cured, see? The point is, Mr. Fleming, that if you can get your drugs for nothing, you won't have to rob or murder somebody for the money to buy the stuff. So the middlemen, the traffickers, will go out of business, and then you have no law-enforcement problem and no smuggling. Ya see, Mr. Fleming, it's just the way you spend the money—on setting up clinics or on law enforcement that can not work and that only makes the problem worse."

Before closing this little chapter, I must record, out of all context, a most extraordinary experience of our photographer, Mrs. Lee Thody. We were talking about magic and superstition which, hand in hand with ardent Catholicism, are the mainsprings of the Neapolitan spiritual life. The dark belief in these things, which the church is quite incapable of stamping out, is principally concerned with noting omens towards a winning number in the Lotto, or State Lottery, which is the passion of the Neapolitan. The sorcerer king of Italy is a famous soothsayer living in Rome called Francesca Waldman. (Lee Thody, who was interested in these things, had recently written an article about him.) After finishing the article she went back to the soothsayer and said she would like to take some photographs of him. He was very reluctant to allow this, but when she pressed him he finally consented while warning her that the photographs would not be successful on that particular day. Mrs. Thody who, as I have mentioned, is a professional photographer of high reputation, prepared her Leica with flash attachment, but though she tried again and again the flash would not work, though it had previously been in perfect order. She accordingly changed to her Rolleiflex and took several pictures.

The next morning she took the two cameras to her developer who, first of all, checked the flash attachment to the Leica. It worked perfectly. He then proceeded with the development of the Rolleiflex plates. They were completely blank! Utterly bewildered, Mrs. Thody returned to the soothsayer, explained what had happened and asked for another sitting. He reminded her that he had said it would be no good photographing him the day before, but said that it would be all right now. She took photographs of him with both cameras and they came out perfectly.

Countless authors and sociologists have written about the stark, savage country south of Naples where all vestiges of the twentieth century, apart from an occasional Jolly hotel, have petered out, and we suffered no temptation to explore further than Paestum. Instead we took the well-beaten sight-seeing route from one five-star spectacle to the next.

Capri: This island of dreams, vanities, and myths is still, though probably not in summer, a place of enchantment and eccentricity, though the bathing on the minute, pebbled beaches flecked with black fuel oil is as hellish as ever. It is an enchanting place to do absolutely nothing whatever in except contemplate your navel, or other people's, while trying to achieve a fashionable *tintorella* (sunburn). Apart from getting sunburnt, people have nothing to do but squeeze on to the tennis-court-size Piazza and make, or fail to make, love. The failing—the refusals, broken unions, tears, recriminations—are the one source of energy on the island and the one topic of conversation. (Happy affairs are without interest. Only bad news makes gossip.)

Gracie Fields has established a luxury restaurant and swimming pool at the Piccola Marina of which she is the queen. Here, her privacy infested by every Tom, Dick, and Ethel from England, she holds friendly court, and she was kind enough to invite us to luncheon.

Capri has always had at least one "notable," a famous person, nearly always a foreigner, whom every visitor wants to see. Gracie Fields has assumed the cloak of Axel Munthe and Norman Douglas and, apart from Emilio Pucci, the fashionable couturier, she is today the local star—a fame which this handsome, kindly, humorous woman from Lancashire wears, as her admirers will guess, with casual equanimity. She is happy there from May to October but complains of being bored to death in winter when she takes flight for her old theatrical stamping grounds.

In the winter, she laments, there is nothing to do in Capri but watch the television. "Boris" (her charming and intelligent Russian husband) "and the cook are thrilled by it. I like watching but I don't know what the hell they are saying. No, I don't do much singing here. Occasionally we have a wing-ding when Sophie Tucker or someone else comes along, but there's plenty of excitement. Sometimes a smart yacht puts in with friends. They come ashore and so-and-so gets me alone and starts crying on my bosom and saying her husband is trying to kill her. You know what people on yachts are! Well, I am probably having dramas over something here, the neighbours or rival restaurants or something, and someone is trying to slay *me*, so I say to my girl friend, 'It's the same thing all the world over, dear. Some man is always trying to strangle some woman. Don't you worry about it.'"

Boris gave us wine from their own vineyard to drink—perhaps one of the few bottles of true Capri wine on the island, for what is sold in the shops is nearly always a blend. He personally supervises the vintage and I had always been curious to know if the wine really was trampled by beautiful girls. He said definitely not. It was a tradition in Italy that to use women was very dangerous. Men do the stamping of the wine. They soak their feet in a solution of leaves and herbs that each family keeps secret. This is an astringent preparation that closes the pores. At the end of the day they have to soak their feet in hot water to get the circulation going again.

I asked him how their fine establishment on the beach was doing and he said very well, though there were too many Germans who brought picnic luncheons and ate them all over the place. They also were constantly arguing about the entrance fee. There had been one extraordinary man that week who had created a frightful row at the entrance. He had insisted on coming in, but had refused to buy a ticket on the grounds that the Germans were much better soldiers than the Italians and had lost thousands of lives fighting for Italy. Boris had been called to settle the row and had told the German that he could be Boris's guest. This favour the German angrily rejected. He would not buy a ticket nor would he accept any favours from Boris. He just insisted on (Continued on page 105)

The new numbers-game in fashion



3 pieces

This year's instant fashion can be one-piece (if it's something as riveting as a mink pullover) or it can be two, three, or four. Jackets and put-overs are apt to be lean, loose, shirty-looking; jackets often peel to neat little waistcoats.

The mink that's a shirt, far left; with a knitted middy collar. This is an instant costume (one-piece)—add practically any skirt or dress. Pullover of Canada Majestic natural dark ranch mink; brown ribbed wool collar. By Revillon; also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Towering brown turban by Lilly Daché.

Polo tunic, left, robin's-egg blue, dropped over a slim skirt that's attached to a blue-and-white-checked silk blouse. By Jean Louis, of wool tweed. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché's white hat. Andrew Geller shoes.

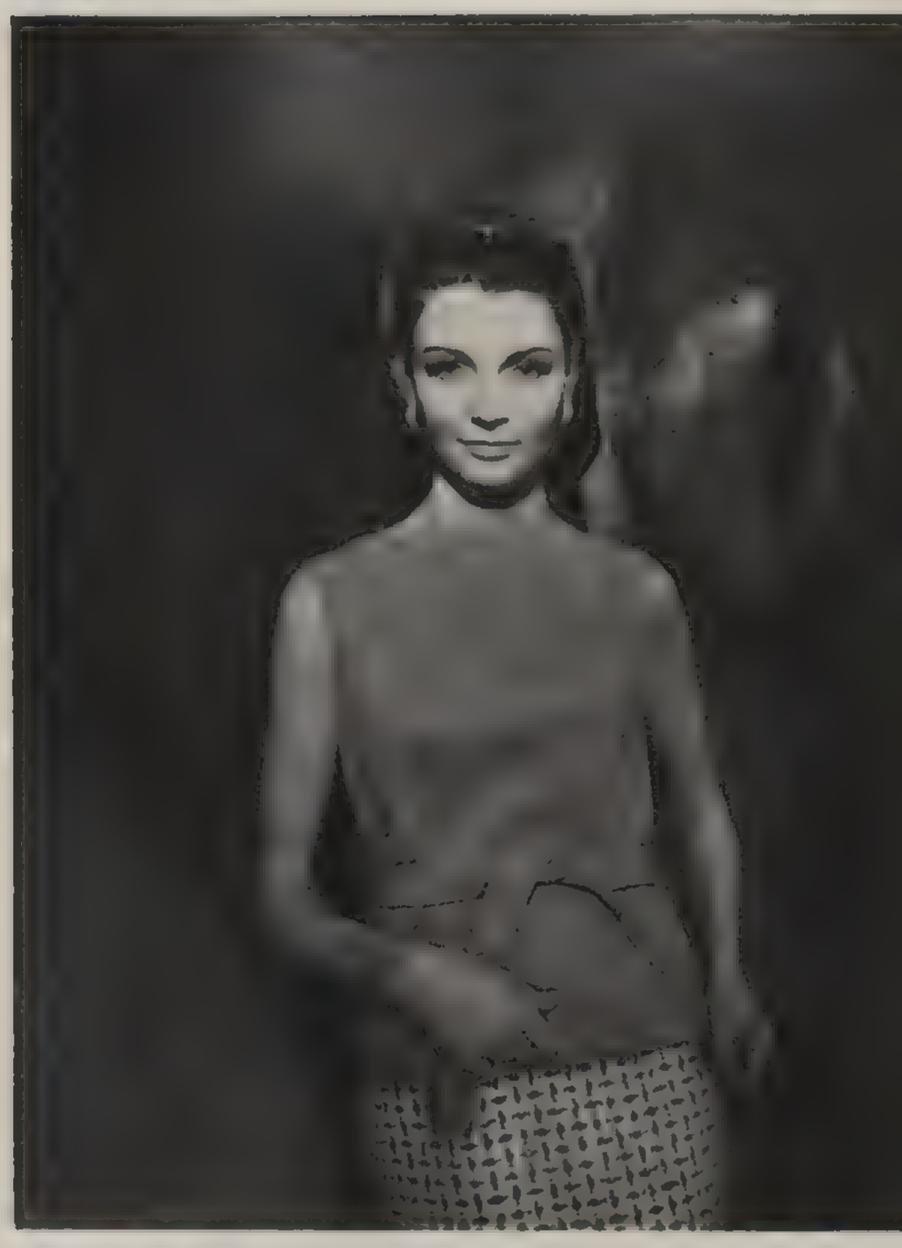
2
pieces



More number-games in fashion

3 pieces





Bright navy-blue and white (left), a mood-indigo coat that shelters a slender white silk shift—not visible here. The coat has an upstanding collar and the new shirt-cuff sleeves; the dress, cap-sleeved, slips from a high yoke. By David Kidd for Jablow; of wool loomed in America. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Frederick & Nelson. Wear-Right kidskin gloves. White hat by Emme.

A rounded-off walking jacket (above) with a pullover for an understudy. The jacket has a pared-back throatline that leans into long, sloping shoulders—the kind that go out on a limb. This and the skirt, in a beige-tan-and-white wool tweed; the pullover is beige wool jersey. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Linton wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Frost Bros. The brown hat by Lilly Daché.


1
piece





3 pieces

One ace, a pair of threes

The breakdown on the numbers here: one instant costume—a marvellous white wool dress; two important suits, each with a blouse that's the crux of the look. **White wool, schooled for softness:** a dress (left) that's slim, biased, unsleeved. It scores as a look with these simple additions: a black kidskin pillbox; long black kidskin gloves. With a surplice back, a cutaway jacket that's also of white wool (not shown). By Ben Zuckerman, of nubbed wool by Anglo, loomed in America. At De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Hat by Lilly Daché. **A zigzag tweed** in stark black and white (above) gets a soft and marvellously unstark blouse of biased white chiffon. The suit jacket has the important set-away collar. By Ben Zuckerman, suit of wool and mohair. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Dayton's. Lilly Daché's white hat, the wide, wheeling brim heart-shaped in back. **Two schools of plaid** merge in a single suit-look (below). The crux here: a Swiss silk blouse that plays the plaid with all stops out—big, bold, black and white. The suit itself is a shadowy grey-and-black Glen plaid wool, the jacket pocketed four times and collared in a small way. By Ben Zuckerman, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. The white hat with an up-curving brim, by Emme.





LOUIS FAURER

VOGUE, JANUARY 15, 1963

3

pieces

Fashion's new pair royal

LOUIS FAURER



The pale linen waistcoat is half of a look (left)—and one-third of a costume. The other two-thirds: a walking suit (right)—slim skirt, jacket that flips out from small shoulders, both in a peppery cork-and-black wool tweed. The waistcoat is creamy beige Irish linen (browns, all the browns, are news now). Costume by Trigère. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Woolf Brothers. Grandoe gloves. The brimmy black hat is by Lilly Daché.



4
pieces

Counting fashion by twos and fours

The suit that's four pieces long (above and right); count it as one of 1963's most influential looks. The chief news-ingredient: fake black crocodile, translated into a brass-buttoned waistcoat. The rest of the fashion-honours divide up this way: slim skirt; lean little jacket (both in a roughed-up black-and-off-white tweed); beige silk shirt. The jacket has regiments of pockets (this, very 1963), crocodile lapels, brass buttons, is braid-bound. By David Kidd for Jablow; of Forstmann wool (loomed in America); the crocodile is Orceyre nylon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harold's; Harzfeld's. Emme hat. **Toff-tailored overblouse dress** (below, left) with news in the shirt-inflections; pale-grey wool, sashed with mocha suède. Suit-dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; of Bellaine wool (loomed in America). Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer. Adolfo's grey hat. **Fisherman's shirt** (below, right) in one of the new not-quite whites (it's bone-coloured) dropped over a skirt in another rising spring colour—bright, purply navy blue. The shirt has a far-out cardigan throatline, bright-navy buttons, and it's lashed with a beige leather belt. By Larry Aldrich, of Anglo wool twill (loomed in America). Saks Fifth Avenue; Nicholas Ungar. Hat by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. Photographs on these, the preceding eight pages, taken at the New Realist Exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery.



2
pieces





GENERAL FUAD CHÉHAB,
PRESIDENT OF LEBANON

THE WORLD-WHIR OF BEIRUT

Beirut, capital of Lebanon, is the boom town of the Middle East. Set at a crossroads, backed by six thousand years of spirited history, this furiously active city has become an exploding point of world banking and commerce. It is an academic centre to which thousands of students journey for their education in its universities. It is a lure for archaeology buffs. It is a city on the sea backed by mountains with luxe hotels and sophisticated diversions, including a gambling casino larger than Monte Carlo's. It even has a remarkable nearby festival, an international one that annually brings such cultural stars as New York's Philharmonic Orchestra, Paris's Comédie Française, London's Royal Ballet to perform on the steps of the Temple of Bacchus or before the Temple of Jupiter in Baalbek's magnificent second-century Roman ruins.

About ten years ago world trade started to shift from Cairo to Beirut, partly because its enticements promised a free, gold-backed currency, free-trade privileges, and the lovely nearness to oil lands. In addition, the government made legal provision for secrecy of banking transactions which turned the cliché nickname of Lebanon from "Little Switzerland" because of its mountains and skiing to "New Switzerland" because of its numbered bank accounts.

The recent history of Beirut includes centuries of Turkish domination which not only isolated the city but almost extinguished it. Before then Beirut had become conditioned to Christianity by Romans, Byzantines, and, briefly, by Crusader conquerors. It was only, however, a hundred years or so ago that missionary activities rekindled Beirut's intellectual life, long dormant. In 1866 a Vermont missionary, Dr. Daniel Bliss, founded the American University of Beirut, a unique influence on the Middle East. These days Lebanon, Christian by a slim majority, is drawn towards the Moslem orbit by the large Muslim population and its use of the Arabic language. The result of these pressures is the creation of a mosaic society making Beirut endlessly fascinating.

GENERAL FUAD CHÉHAB is a Prince of Lebanon, a sophisticated statesman who had been commander-in-chief of the Lebanese Army when the government invited the United States Forces to Lebanon during the 1958 troubles. After that dishevelled time the many dissident political parties agreed on Chéhab as peacemaker—whereupon he was elected President. Actually above politics in a political country, President Chéhab prefers a quiet life beyond his official duties, dislikes presidential publicity. Averse to photography, he posed especially for Vogue in his office at the presidential palace in the country. **MADAME LINDA SURSOCK** is bluntly the greatest hostess of the Middle East with her remarkable arched Arabic palace in Beirut, where she posed in a Dior robe especially for Vogue, the centre of an encompassing, intelligent world. An extraordinary woman, watched here by a white-turbaned Sudanese butler, she lives surrounded by multiple riches, marble pools, and a changing mosaic of celebrities—a Sursock invitation is the symbol, the cachet of a VIP life.

BY MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER

RENÉ BURRI

MADAME CARLOS ARIDA, one of the most beautiful Lebanese women, leads an extraordinary life. Sometimes in the morning she water skis in Beirut Harbour with a frieze of Lebanon's white skyscrapers for background. Sometimes in the afternoon she goes to the mountains to ski down slopes where the giant cedars of Lebanon rise green-dark. Sometimes she visits the history-burdened city of Byblos, considered perhaps the oldest city in the world—the place where the alphabet presumably was invented. It was there that she posed for Vogue in the miniature Roman amphitheatre, wearing gold-embroidered green satin, a present from King Sa'ud to her husband, an industrialist and aviation buff, whose family fortune rests on investments made generations earlier in Mexico. At night in Beirut the pleasures are many—dinners at great private Arab houses, dances at the night places. Like her Phoenician ancestors who roamed the Mediterranean, Madame Arida is a traveller, often at home in Paris, Rome and London; she wears Pucci slacks, Dior clothes, Californian bathing suits, and cotton dresses from Beirut boutiques. She is a total internationalist.

THE WORLD-WIDE OF BEIRUT *continued*





MADAME FUAD ES-SAID and DR. FUAD SARRUF at Baalbek, the impressive Roman ruins, stand in front of the extraordinary Temple of Bacchus. Vice-presidents of the enormously successful Baalbek Festival, this pair are part of the power group of Beirut. Madame Es-said, a handsome woman of many interests, has brought off many difficult projects including bringing important English drama to the Festival; Dr. Sarruf, a vice-president of the American University of Beirut, has taken as his primary Festival chore the job of diplomat to artists, a superbly tactful emollient.

FEIROUZ, the greatest young Arab singer, has that rare quality, true style, especially when she embroiders plaintive melodies in her throaty way spanning two octaves, reaching for three high clear notes. About ten years ago she made her first hit with a folk song, "La Balançoire," but these past years she has been one of the strong magnets of the Baalbek Festival where she usually appears in an operetta composed by her husband, Assi Rahbani, a short amusing man who has grown fat on her vast Arab dinners. Feirouz, a word which means turquoise in Persian, has the fame that counts—her records, played constantly on radio, are known in even the smallest villages in the Middle East.

THE WORLD-WHIR OF BEIRUT Continued



RENÉ BURRI

EMILE BUSTANI, head of the largest Middle East industrial empire, is a magnificently flamboyant man who deals only in superlatives. In the fastest private plane he flies between his twenty-one offices in twelve countries. A big cigar man, with a monster Great Dane, he lives in a thoroughly modern house in Beirut and gives there the biggest parties. He began, however, in an orphanage, won a series of scholarships, was graduated from the American University of Beirut with highest honours, and went off to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology because he wrote a precocious treatise on the effects of an atomic explosion on the sun. In 1938 he returned home with his engineering degree, his intact vitality, and a bit of money to found his first company, CAT, which stands for Contracting & Trading Company. It was enough. These days Bustani enjoys himself, partly by enriching his house with gaggy Wagnerian paintings on panels which flip out at the pressure of a button.

SHEIKH NAJIB ALAMUDDINE, Chairman and Managing Director of the Middle East Airlines, belongs to two groups not always in harmony: the Druze aristocracy and the new front of Middle East industrialists. After he received his engineering degree from the American University of Beirut, he became an inspector of mathematics in the schools of Transjordan. Nine years later he formed a company specializing in aviation and communication equipment which led him to build up the Middle East Airlines into Lebanon's biggest industry, and to have his office at Lebanon's International Airport, one of the largest air traffic handlers in the world.



KAMAL BEY JOUMBLATT, Minister of the Interior, is the hereditary Prince of the Druzes, ruling some 85,000 Druzes as their protector and lord. An enigmatic intellectual who speaks seven languages, he frequently travels to India to study with a guru, believes in reincarnation, a Druze tenet. When his powerful mother died, leaving him a massive fortune in land, houses, and other possessions, some of which he has given away, he took over her power. In 1958 when the United States Forces were invited to Lebanon during the civil disturbances, Joumblatt, then against the government, commanded his own rebel army. He controlled an important sector of the countryside. Later, he joined General Chéhab's government. Although he lives when in Beirut in a small flat, its outer rooms always guarded by gaunt-faced Druze clansmen, he goes often to his own village, Moukhtara, an old Druze stronghold. In the photograph here he stands in front of his half-ruined house at Moukhtara, watched by a Druze who has been initiated into certain mysterious Druze rites as the white band around his tarboosh tells his world. On the balcony, shown at the left, stands the usual Joumblatt background, a frieze of a few politicians there for some advice and more money.

THE WORLD-WIIR OF BEIRUT

Continued

BROADWAY AT 9:21

Six Show-stopping



NANETTE FABRAY, VIBRATING AS MRS. PRESIDENT IN "MR. PRESIDENT," SINGING "THEY LOVE ME":

"The elephant I rode upon
When I was in Iraq
Turned up his trunk
and sneezed
And I was blown right
off his back."

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ANTHONY QUINN AND MARGARET LEIGHTON, TOUCHINGLY GETTING DRUNK IN "TCHIN-TCHIN":

Quinn: *"You're a crowd in the flush of victories!"*
Leighton: *"Oh, yes!"*
Quinn: *"You're the Mediterranean Drink!"*
Leighton: *"Yes. Yes. I am!"*

SWEN SWENSON, LACONICALLY DANCING AND SINGING IN "LITTLE ME":

"I've got your number,
And baby, you know
you've got mine!"

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Moments in Six of the New Productions



ANNA QUAYLE,
A KEWPIE-FACED COMIC
IN "STOP THE WORLD—
I WANT TO GET OFF"
SINGING IN
ABRUPT DIALECT
"GLORIOUS RUSSIAN":

"Father is a glorious
Russian dustman,
Mother drives a glorious
Russian tram.
Grandma drives a lorry
though she's ninety-four,
And Grandpa doesn't give a
Russian damn."

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ALAN BENNETT, JONATHAN MILLER,
DUDLEY MOORE, AND PETER COOK
CELEBRATING IN THE NUMBER
"AFTERMYTH OF WAR" IN
"BEYOND THE FRINGE":

Alan: *"But the tide was turning, the wicket was drying out. It was deuce-advantage Great Britain. Then America and Russia asked if they could join in and the whole thing turned into a free-for-all. So unavoidably came peace putting an end to organized war as we knew it."*



UTA HAGEN AND
GEORGE GRIZZARD
DANCING WHILE
ARTHUR HILL
SITS IT OUT IN
"WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF?":

Uta Hagen: *"But Daddy took a look at Georgie's novel...."*

Arthur Hill: *"You're looking for a punch in the mouth...."*

Non-stop swimmer: the two-piece suit

For midwinter swimming in the hot places—the West Indies, Mexico, Tahiti; midsummer swimming later in the North, what catches the eye and the sunshine is: the two-piece suit, preferably worn with a midriff that's long (these suits will make it look more so), taut, and brown. *Left:* The two-piece suit, in a red, green, and blue watercolour print with a cover-up top. By Elisabeth Stewart, in jersey of Antron nylon. Bathing suit, about $20; top, about $16. Both at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Deep-turquoise bathing suit of stitched cotton sateen. By Peter Pan of Everglaze cotton. About $24. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne.

HELMUT NEWTON

Above: White cap, pink gingham of cotton sharkskin smooth in front and shirred at the back, trimmed with red. By Maidenform of Concord fabric. About $16. At Arnold Constable, Burdine's, F. & R. Lazarus. *Opposite page:* Black cotton suit with narrow boy shorts, low-slung waist. Neckline, collarbone-high, shoulder-blade-low. By Roxanne. About $13. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.; Rich's-Famous-Barr, Compton sunglasses.

More non-stop suits to swim in





Sunlit looks: at home, away

HENRY CLARKE

The sunshine persuasion, here taking two directions—one goes out under the sun; the other, with its own clear colour, sheds sunlight at home. *This page:* Tunic, shaped like a shift. belted at a low waist above a wide ruffle: worn here over black shorts. By Pius Wieler of blue and black striped knitted Helanca nylon. About $28. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop. *Opposite page:* Robe of yellow Irish linen (wrinkle-repellent) and Cluny lace. A nightgown (not shown) of white Swiss batiste goes with it. By Iris. Robe, about $35; nightgown, about $18. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.





ELLIOTT ERWITT

PAUL RUDOLPH

YOUNG MOVER, CHANGING THE LOOK OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

Possessed of a great feeling for structural clarity, for the sculptural possibilities of space, Paul Rudolph has become during the past five years one of the great young movers, changing the look of American architecture. Shown (above) atop the surprising downtown garage he designed for the city of New Haven, Rudolph is responsible as well for such strangely beautiful houses as the Arthur W. Milam house (opposite), in Florida. On the next six pages, how Paul Rudolph lives and works in New Haven.

PAUL RUDOLPH

HOW ONE OF THE GREAT YOUNG ARCHITECTS LIVES AND WORKS

Attractively slight, almost shy, given to rather academic tweeds and distinctly non-academic architecture, Paul Rudolph has become, in his early forties, one of the movers, the architects the other boys watch, snipe at, talk about, copy. Such Rudolph houses as the Milam house (page 84) shock, surprise, finally seduce; such big Rudolph projects as the Temple Street Garage in New Haven (page 85), Wellesley's Jewett Arts Center, and the unfinished Yale Art and Architecture Building provoke attack and rapt admiration, break up space in ways that sting the imagination, and look as if they will end, as Rudolph wants all his buildings to end, "beautiful ruins." Both through his commissions (some thirty million dollars' worth, now in work) and through his influence as a teaching chairman of Yale's distinguished Department of Architecture, Rudolph—who once observed that "modern architecture's range of expression is today from A to B"—is, quite simply, changing the look of the way America lives.

For his own life in New Haven, he did not—because he wanted to be near Yale, a neighbourhood not noted for a high incidence of building sites—build himself a house. Instead, he bought a red-brick Federal house (*below, left,* with its crew-cut owner) half a block from the university gates. He then stripped out that house's interior to provide not only offices and drafting rooms for himself and his staff (some of whom were former students) but a private apartment—shown here and on the next four pages—so dramatic, so moving in its sculpturing of light and space that it could well be a text for what has come to be known, tentatively, as the Rudolph style. It is, in fact, a textbook for Rudolph students.

The photograph on the opposite page and those on the next four pages show a single room, the apartment's focus, a room with three levels that seem to change wherever the eye falls, spaces that sometimes seem separate, sometimes seem fused, forming and reforming as one enters down the flow of marble stairs. Although Rudolph works flexibly with his clients, subtly blending his ideas with their needs, he believes that a room should be undiluted, unmarred architecture. This one is. For seating, he designed a recessed square with cushions, perhaps not the most relaxing solution (he admits it) but decisively the most architectural; even the light switches, not switches at all but long chains hung from the ceiling in clusters, seem a sculptural element. Because he does not like traditional lamps, he designed his own: hanging brass tubes of different sizes, each ending in a silvered but exposed light bulb. (He likes the shape of light bulbs.) All the doors are flush, their hinges hidden; paintings lean against the walls, because Rudolph can rarely decide where to hang one. In all, the room shows precisely what Rudolph meant when he once called architecture "this serious and beautiful game of space."



HOW THIS SPECTACULAR TRIPLE-LEVEL ROOM works for people, in this case people at a party, can be seen in this photograph, taken through the great sweep of glass that divides house from garden. For this party, a musical evening (the kind of entertaining Rudolph likes best), Donald Currier, of the Yale School of Music, played Schönberg. The immense black concert grand piano is itself a great sculptural shape in the room. Guests, who included Andrew Ritchie of the Yale Art Museum and President Whitney Griswold of Yale (seated in the foreground), arrived at nine, listened from all over the room—sitting on its floating island, on the marble steps, in the recessed square—then stayed on for more drinks, conversation. (For more about the Rudolph house, see pages 88-92, and, for house details, page 106.)

ELLIOTT ERWITT



A ROOM WITH THE VIRTUES OF A THEATRE SET: ON THREE VISIBLE LEVELS, WITH A FALL OF MARBLE STEPS

To enter Paul Rudolph's New Haven house is to have an impression of illusory space, moving light; a kind of cool theatre. As if on a three-dimensional chess board, everything happens on quite visible levels: a glassed-in porch at the top (not shown); a fireplace balcony on the centre level; and finally, down the shallow floating white marble steps, the open room which seems to sweep not only the length of the house but into the marble-paved garden as well. Near the fireplace, tufted couches are cantilevered; below, a seating square is recessed in a marbled platform. (Cushions are of glove leather, rugs of lion skins.) Near the glass garden wall stands an eighteenth-century German figure, a gilded wooden cardinal; in the garden, subtly lighted at night, a fringe of willows.

ELLIOTT ERWITT



A ROOM THAT IS A DARING ADVENTURE IN SPACE

A little shock plus a strong play of shadow, substance, and light went into Rudolph's plan for his own house—the whole, an uncompromised expression of his conviction that nothing in a room should detract from its architectural line. Some of his dare lay in putting an immense painting on the ceiling in the dining space. The painting by Hardy Hansen hovers low because the balcony floats above the room, giving another change in space to make the room look larger than its measurements. Against the block of chimney pillar, a glass-topped table and ice-cream parlour chairs seem puffs of white. Light flowing through the glass garden wall filters around the pillar, the balcony, the steps. The subtle effect: controlled surprise.

ELLIOTT ERWITT



The new cut of hair for day



The new cut of hair makes a small head of hair—neat, shining, round as a tennis ball, and as cleanly defined as diamond facets. It happens to be the most entrancing coiffure you could put on your head this spring, and in these pages Vogue shows three ways in which it might be put on—the details varying from coif to coif, but not the point. Which is: like great tailoring, this season's great new coiffure is made by the most skillful cutting that money can buy. And made, plainly, of marvellous fabric—strong, fit-as-a fiddle hair, rounded out smooth and thick over the crown; the ends hemmed evenly all around, and fitted in neatly to the head; the length—not a scrap more than it takes to clear a good long line of neck. Ungimmicked hair, this—and unteased: combs fly through it; hair pieces attach fearlessly to it—and detach without a trauma; hats ride it—and can't ride it to death. Can't that is, if the hair in question has been properly trained for its job. Which could mean that its body will be custom-built by a bolstering kind of permanent wave . . . that its gloss will be stepped up by one of the rousing new conditioners discussed in January 1 Vogue . . . or that its rather dismaying tendency to spring into touching, pre-Raphaelite waves will be gently—but firmly—curbed by a mild stabilizing cream. Now then, with hair as fit as good health and salon-expertise can make it, what's wanted next is simply an ordinary pair of hairdresser's shears—in the hands of an extraordinarily good hairdresser; as is the case here, and on the next two pages. (See also page 104)

ENZO DA PERUGIA, the power behind the shears *above* and the coiffure *right*, is an unvolatile Italian who works with such dazzling efficiency that his clients (an uncountable and omnipresent legion) have been heard to confess that just watching Enzo cut other women's hair makes waiting one's own turn almost bearable. (Unflinchingly, they all wait.) He cuts in classic barber-style: wet, with the tips of the shears, using a comb as a guide. This coiffure was made with a wedge-shaped part, set on giant rollers, the ends coaxed in by a bit of back-brushing. (And built in earlier by a process called "effillating"—i.e., the underneath hair is lightly feathered all over giving the thick, bluntly cut outer layer an accurate sense of direction; no place to go but in.)

JERÔME DUCROT



The new cut of hair for day



MICHEL KAZAN set his version of the new coif on a few big rollers, used more pin-curls than he had in years. The charming four-in-hand over the mannequin's head was made by scooping up a deep swath of hair from the brow, knotting it smoothly, pinning it in at the crown. At Kazan's, cutting is in three stages. The first, to give him a clear idea of how the hair behaves in real life, is done dry—the shape accomplished by cutting the under hair in graduated layers (he uses the point of his shears for coarse hair, the shaft for fine) : over this, he stretches a thick, longer curtain of top hair, cuts it straight around. A second cutting after shampooing is to even up edges. And the third follows the comb-out when, in the event that an unruly strand of hair is lurking, it can be seen—and dealt with summarily.

JÉRÔME DUCROT

FRED of the house of Revlon, who designed the coiffure above, comes from a long line of Düsseldorf hairdressers. His speech is a curiously attractive mix of French and German-inflected English; his manner courtly—deep bows and clicking heels. His clients—to a woman—are charmed. While he believes that some back-brushing is necessary to round the line of a coiffure firmly, his particular knack is to cut that roundness in by means of a *soutien*—that is, a short, brushy fringe of hair scissored into the under layer of hair just above the nape of the neck over which the top hair bends as naturally as willows to water. The coiffure here involves a short centre part; side pieces slicked under and pinned at the back of the neck: then the remaining hair lifted over the crown and swept smoothly to the face.



Knitted cottons once flourished mainly in the late spring and summer. Now they're recognized (like ice cream) as a year-round delight—under winter coats now, spring coats later, no coats at all after that. Here, they're done in a pleasant mix of beiges. *Left:* Three-piece costume of beige knitted cotton that breaks down this way—a jacket striped in light-and-dark beige, and cut like a shirt (shirt collar, banded and buttoned shirt sleeves); a sleeveless overtop; straight skirt. By Aileen, in Permathal Everglaze cotton knit by Alamac. Junior sizes. Jacket, about $6; skirt, about $6; top, about $3. All at Gimbels, New York. The kidskin gloves by Aris. Shoes by Liparé, of Levor leather. *Right:* Rather like an elongated pullover—an easy, shifty dress of beige-and-white striped knitted cotton. It can be slightly belted, as here, or left to the whims of gravity—unsashed. By Villager; about $20. The gloves by Dawnelle. Both, Lord & Taylor. Dress: Carroll's, Idaho; I. Magnin. Background, here and next two pages: Trans World Flight Center at Idlewild Airport.

The knitted cottons—never out of action

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



More non-seasonal knitted cottons—here, crisped and crinkled with a weaving of linen. *Left:* Long-sleeved pullover with a crunchy, roughened look, of cotton and linen knitted together; skirt of Moygashel linen; both, sand-beige. By Lanz, in junior sizes. Top, about $20; skirt, about $20. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Harold's. Echo scarf. *Right:* Ribbony knitted dress, shaped to the body, in a lacy beige knit that takes the rough with the smooth—it's knitted of linen, Arnel, and cotton. By Dalton; about $35. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Bernath scarf. Coiffures: Marc Sinclair of Coiffures Americana. Braid and postiche: Joseph Fleischer.

The knitted cottons— spiked with linen

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

New pull for the white shirt



MRS. MATO MARINOVICH,
tall, blonde, with a Chanelerie dash, wearing an almost T-shirt.



MRS. ARTHUR PENN,
photographed twice in white shirts of the pullover persuasion.



MISS STEPHANIE WANGER, *photographed (above) at The Sign of the Dove, a talky new café in New York.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

The news here is all about the white shirt: more than a great fashion prop, it's one of this year's most important look-makers. *Far left:* The white shirt that's knitted cotton; by Ship 'n Shore, about $4. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida. *Top, centre:* A linen blouson makes an easy, rangy shirt. By Deebs, of white Moygashel linen; about $50, at Henri Bendel. *Centre, below:* White silk fisherman's-jacket shirt. By Sidney Heller, about $18, at Bloomingdale's. (Mrs. Penn is the wife of the director, Arthur Penn, whose new play, *Lorenzo,* opens in February.) *Above:* White silk shirt with a wingy collar. By Adelaar, of William Skinner silk, about $12. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Miss Wanger is the daughter of the producer, Walter Wanger. The coiffures by Verdi; Joseph Fleischer hair pieces added.

CURAÇAO—NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE CARIBBEAN

BY ALEC WAUGH

When I started to travel in the Caribbean, in the late 1920's, Curaçao was off the map. There were then no airplanes and principally Dutch ships called there. It appeared to offer very little. A small island, thirty-eight miles long and no more than seven across at its widest point, it was famous for one thing only, the liqueur that was made out of its oranges, the peels being dried in the sun and shipped to Holland. An occasional cruise ship paused there, but you have only to read the travelogues of the first half of the century to recognize how little it figured in the tourist pattern of the period.

I never felt any urge, any curiosity to go there, and indeed I had no intention of doing so when I sailed for the West Indies to write a novel about oil; Royal Dutch Shell kindly offered me their hospitality. I stayed with them in Trinidad at Point Fortin; I crossed to Venezuela; it was not till I was in Maracaibo that they suggested a side trip to Curaçao. "Why not spend three days there," they said, "and see our refinery."

I arrived, that is to say, by air. I wish that I had gone by sea; then I could have appreciated to the full the contrast that it offers to its neighbours. Flat and bare, it must seem drab and trivial as you approach it. Where are the majestic mountains that serve as a backcloth for Grenada and Martinique? Where is the luxuriant, tropical foliage of Trinidad and Dominica? But then the ship swings round and you are faced by a pontoon bridge guarding an entrance so narrow that the sentries can talk to each other across it. On your right is the governor's house inside the fort with a portcullis. The bridge swings open and you are in a landlocked harbour. But you are more than inside a harbour. You are in Holland. You are in Amsterdam or The Hague. You look down from the high deck of your liner onto a succession of Dutch eighteenth-century houses, pastel-coloured, with white scrolls upon the rounded gables, with steep tile roofs, with chunky dormers, and baroque parapets.

Willemstad is a quite small town, or rather the shopping area is small; a square mile of shops, no more, but as you stroll along them in the heavy heat, your cheeks cooled by the constant trade wind, with the sight and sound of water round you, you can not believe you are on the Spanish Main. It is always said that colonies are transplantations of the mother country. Barbados is called Little England, Fort-de-France, Little Paris, but in point of fact you do not find in those islands so much a transplantation as traces of a European country. The Caribbean islands have been so fought over, have been the victims of so many fires, hurricanes, and earthquakes that every city in the area has been in ruins at one time or another. Every city except Willemstad—and in parts the Danish cities of St. Thomas and St. Croix.

Fate has been kind to Curaçao. A flat island, it has lain outside the zone of hurricanes. It has been spared earthquakes. And history has been kind to it as well. Originally Spanish, as under Papal dispensation all the land in the Caribbean was, it never counted in the vast ramifications of Spain's imperial economy. It had no gold, it could not serve as a bastion for her silver fleets. When the Dutch occupied rather than captured it in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Spaniards made no effort to recover it; on the whole they were glad to have a neutral island just off the mainland, in the same way that European dictators are glad to respect the neutrality of Switzerland in wartime. Spanish trade was cumbersomely fettered by the bureaucrats of Seville, and colonial governors found the presence of a neutral harbour not only useful but lucrative. Curaçao became a smugglers' paradise, a black-market slave mart, a rendezvous for revolutionaries.

In the early colonial days Dutch ships had been the carriers of the New World, but the navigation acts of England, France, and Spain drove them to seek their fortune in the East Indies rather than the West. Holland's few possessions in the Caribbean were not colonies, but trading bases, and she strove hard to maintain her neutrality during the eighteenth century. For the most part she succeeded, and on the two occasions when she failed—for a few months during the war of American Independence and a few years during the Napoleonic era—Curaçao was geographically fortunate. She could not interfere with the belligerents in the way that her sister island, St. Eustatius, did. During the American War of Independence St. Eustatius, just north of St. Kitts, was one of the chief sources of supply for the rebel colonists; its harbour was so thick with shipping that England was forced to invent an excuse of war with Holland so that she could destroy this base; and Rodney sacked it so completely that the island never recovered its prosperity. The modern yachtsman, sailing along its coast, will see below the cliffs the ruins of its once proud warehouses. But Curaçao lay outside the area of conflict. In the Napoleonic wars she slipped placidly into England's hands, to be restored intact when Napoleon went to St. Helena. Today in consequence, Willemstad is architecturally unique; whereas in the other islands there are glimpses of a European past, in Curaçao there is a whole European city transplanted across the Atlantic.

Its architecture tells its story, so does its language. In every West Indian island you will find the peasantry speaking in a patois which sounds familiar but of which you can not get the meaning. This is particularly true in the French islands, and islands like St. Lucia and Dominica where the French influence has persisted. Their patois sounds like French but you can not follow it; you reply in French and you are stared at blankly, but

in Curaçao it is not at all like that. The patois that you hear in the streets sounds like nothing you have ever heard. It is called Papiamento and it is a pepper-pot of a language, a mixture of Spanish, Dutch, Indian, African, and Hebrew. All these races have at one time taken root here: the first real settlers were in fact Jews who had been expelled from Portugal. The Jewish cemetery, started in 1650, is the oldest Caucasian burial ground in the Americas, and the synagogue, with its stout mahogany pews, is one of the most impressive buildings in the city; but you will also see señoras in black mantillas, their prayer books in their hands, returning from their morning mass; and you will hear a Dutch band playing Spanish music. Each separate race has left its patina upon Willemstad.

I had come to Curaçao to see the refinery, because in my novel I was trying to describe the life of an oil community, and up to a point, as I was by then at the end of my trip, I was familiar with what I was to see. The life of an oil community is much the same wherever you encounter it. It is a self-contained world; its members keep to themselves, they do not mix with the local residents; the tourist is unaware of their existence. Therein lies their fascination for the novelist. It is the same thing in Aden, Borneo, and the Persian Gulf—the trim little bungalows, graded according to seniority; the hygienic, air-conditioned offices; the recreation rooms and sports grounds; the therapeutic group activities. There was nothing new for me in that. But there was something very new in the spectacle that it presented.

The refinery is sited on the westward edge of the island so that the constant trade wind from the east can blow the smoke out to sea. You are spared therefore that sickly sweet smell hanging over Abaden to penetrate your food and clothes and housing. The Curaçao air is fresh and fragrant, and the spectacle of smoke being blown out to sea is at night fantastic. It is like one of Gustave Doré's illustrations of *Paradise Lost*. I stood on a small rise of ground and watched, enthralled. There were the black eddying clouds of smoke, there were the lights and towers of the refracting plant, now clear, now shadowy, now bright, now dimmed. It was apocalyptic.

I was put up in the Piscadera Bay Club, a mile and a half out of town—thirty years ago it would have rated as a luxury hotel, with cool, well-ventilated rooms, wide verandahs, and with the bay beside it wired off from the sea, to keep sharks out. Most of the islands advertise duty-free shops, but the choice is usually limited to the products of the home countries—cashmere from England, perfume from France. In Curaçao there are few limitations; import duties are low, and Holland is one of the centres of the pearl and diamond trade. There are excellent bargains for the wealthy, and for me in my modest way I let Curaçao take care of Christmas.

It is not surprising that Curaçao has cashed in very profitably on the Caribbean boom. It is an obvious port-of-call for cruise ships, and it has now a large one-hundred-and-twenty-four-room hotel built into the old fortifications and facing the harbour entrance and the town; air-conditioned throughout, with a swimming pool, a casino, and a nightly floor-show; a hotel that is so identical to similar establishments in San Juan, Charlotte Amalie, Montego, and Port-of-Spain that travellers on their return find themselves wondering, "Now where did we meet the Robinsons, beside which swimming pool?" It is all a blur—Trinidad, Jamaica, St. Thomas, Puerto Rico. Yet even to that kind of vacationist, Curaçao will remain distinct—nowhere else in that wide playground can you see an eighteenth-century Dutch town; nor is there any parallel for the fulminating, demoniac fury of that refinery.

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THE OTHER HALF OF THE NEW HAIRCUT

As we've said more than once, a woman is no smarter than her coiffure—and if her hair isn't looking well at a given moment, the rest of her fashion-effort is more or less in vain. This is so well-recognized now that there's more interest in coiffures among women themselves than ever before, and among beauty houses, there's ceaseless activity along these lines—devising, or perfecting, new and better ways of making hair glossy, healthy, thick; new permanent waving methods that give hair body and resilience; new sprays that impart health or lustre while they're keeping hair in place.

Out of their long-standing fascination with hair, its problems and possibilities, the Helene Curtis Industries have now come up with two new products at once. One is a permanent wave called Last Word, made in three formulas—one for normal hair, one for tinted or damaged hair, and one for pre-bleached, light blond, or severely damaged hair. The Last Word waving lotion contains conditioning agents for each of the three groups, plus a protein booster—so that whatever the hair's condition before the permanent, it should emerge triumphant after it: shiny, springy, resilient. It's given only at beauty salons. The other Curtis innovation is actually a new version of their famous Spray Net, called Special Formula. What's new about it is this: a sun-screening ingredient that screens out the sun's ultra-violet rays, and protects hair from their colour-stripping effects. A boon to dry or tinted hair, hair that fades easily, grey or white hair that tends to yellow under the sun (in, say, the Caribbean). It also has rich but light oils that help to keep hair in tip-top, gleamy condition. A six-ounce aerosol container is $1.36, plus tax.

Bonat's hair spray is made in two versions, one rather light, for women whose hair holds a set well; the other heavier, for women whose hair needs firming up. The lighter one is called Perfect Net, and it's just that—a light, invisible hairnet, catching the hair in a fine, unseen web of control. The other, Firm Mist, is a conditioning and super-holding spray that doesn't permit a coiffure to sag for an amazingly long time, yet doesn't feel heavy or gummy. It also adds a nice, un-obvious gleam. Both, at salons only.

A new permanent wave which the Rayette people call Suddenly So Beautiful uses a waving lotion that emerges as a thick, foamy cream from an aerosol can (no dabs, no drips). This method helps the lotion to penetrate each strand of hair equally, and thoroughly; it also penetrates surprisingly quickly. (According to Rayette, even hard-to-wave hair can be processed efficiently in half an hour.) Hair emerges soft, easy to work with, full of body and bounce. This, at salons only.

Jacqueline Cochran, who pioneered in developing moisturizers for the skin, has now done the same good deed for hair. Her new hair spray called Shining Hour has a water base, is lower in alcohol content, and is aimed at looking less "lacquery" on the hair—while still doing everything a hair spray should do. Shining Hour comes in a 14-ounce container which yields more than a hundred and fifty applications, and costs $1.65 plus tax.

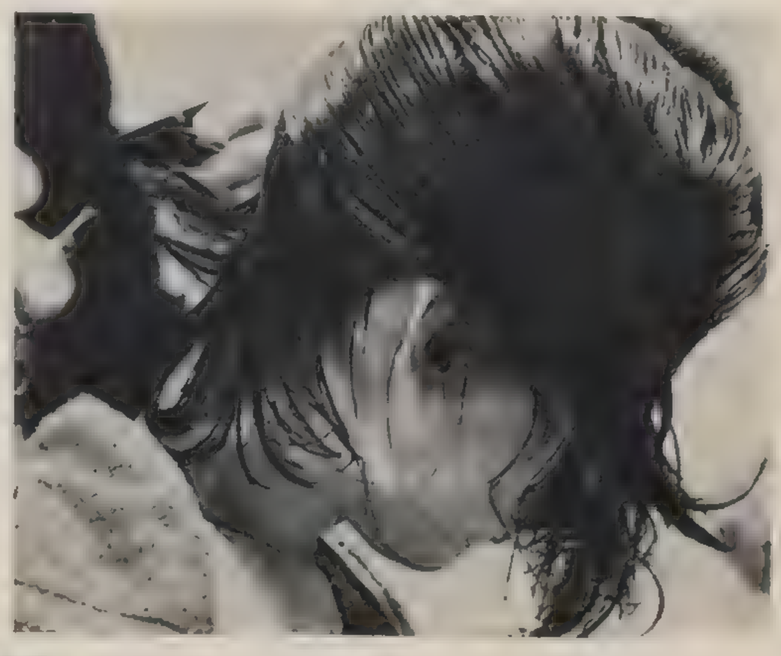
For the home permanent buffs, there's new excitement in store: a home permanent called Pretty Perm, which has no more steps or complications than the ordinary home permanent, but which has an added attraction up its sleeve. This is a colour-conditioner—used in place of neutralizer—which restores to the hair the colour and brightness it may have lost in the initial stage of the permanent, and is also said to replace the natural oils. The colour-conditioner comes in six different shades, from Light Blonde to Black, and works with equal aplomb for natural or already-tinted hair. By Tecnique, this permanent wave costs $3.50, plus tax.



MICHEL KAZAN (left), cuts the hair first while it's dry, to see how it falls naturally on the head; cuts it again after it's been shampooed, and may give it a final snip after the comb-out. Lower levels of hair at back of the head are cut in graduated layers, then the thick handful of top hair is pulled back over them, cut evenly all around. He often "rehearses" settings while hair is wet.

NOTES ON THE NEW CUT OF HAIR

(More about pages 94-95)





FRED of the house of Revlon, is shown at work above, and left. The long lock of top hair is isolated during cutting; a short vertical part is made at back of crown, then a series of lateral parts. Below each of these, hair is cut in a short curtain, each curtain overlapping the one below; then, top hair is brought back over all. Fred cuts the hair wet. He sometimes back-brushes, to round things off but keeps the head small, smooth.

(Continued from page 57)

getting in for nothing on the grounds that the Germans were better soldiers than the Italians. When Boris had roared with laughter at this fantastic attitude, the German had stumped off.

We later encountered crowds of the *Herrenvolk* on the near-by island of Ischia—ex-storm-troopers who had gone to fat which they were trying to reduce by digging themselves graves in the radioactive beaches and covering themselves up with the volcanic sand so that nothing showed but rows of purple, sweating faces. The Italians are, on the whole, pleased to see them because, thanks to their frugality, they fill up the smaller pensions and rooms-to-let, and from the war-time experience of the two peoples they know a good deal of each other's languages.

A far more real pest of these regions is that new menace, the blaring transistor radio strung over the shoulder while the vacant-eyed carrier moons along hoping to "*Far figura*" with his or her dreadful one-man band. In fact he is sounding the modern leper's bell—"Keep away from me, I am the World's chaos and malaise."

Pompeii is still, despite hordes of tourists, pimps, and guides, a very great marvel. We nearly killed ourselves there by refusing to hire a guide or buy a guidebook. We had forgotten how big it is and how quickly the giant cobbles, rutted by chariot wheels, murder one's feet.

There was one local phenomenon, at the door of the far-famed Lupanar—a totally unbribable custodian. He refused entry to my wife and she had to stand outside the little stone hovel with the wife of a Frenchman while he and I were allowed to enter the house of pleasure with its six tiny little bedrooms and the childish pictures high up on the walls to show you how to make love—if you were the right shape and extremely athletic. The Frenchman was indignant that his wife was not allowed to view the vaunted mysteries of this antique bordello. He continued to argue while the custodian endeavoured to shock us by translating some of the vulgar *graffiti* on the walls, and explained the much-flaked little pictures. "You see," he said, his eyes gleaming, "that is the woman and that is the man!" "Pah!" shouted the Frenchman. "You think I have come two thousand miles from Paris to see that? Why, I was doing it myself when I was sixteen!" "But this, Signor, and this!" beseeched the guide. "Infantile!" shouted the Frenchman. "These stupid Romans had no idea how to make love. And you mean to say you won't let my wife see this nonsense!" "Ah no, Signor, *troppo pericoloso.*" "*Merde alors,*" said the Frenchman, and we returned to our indignant wives.

Far more beautiful than anything in Pompeii itself, is the near-by Villa dei Misteri, only recently completely excavated. This large and very handsome dwelling was apparently dedicated to the mysteries of Dionysus or Bacchus that had to be practised in secret because of the scandals associated with them. Here the pavements and friezes are astonishingly well-preserved, the latter, representing the initiation of a virgin into the secret rites, being far finer and fresher than anything in Pompeii. It is said that these enchanting paintings, so light and graceful, are copies of far greater originals that have been lost—no doubt the victims again of the coming of the Christians. This beautiful shrine is off the tourist track but visitors to Pompeii would do well to cut short their rambles amongst those haunted ruins and spend some time at this exotic and beautiful shrine.

Our last bit of sight-seeing was to Cumae, just north of Naples and adjoining Lake Avernus into which, you will recall, the descent is so facile. Here is the grotto of the Sibyl, and it was hereabouts that Aeneas approached the infernal world over the Styx. (I had not thought about these things since, as a youth, I had had to write out hundreds of lines of Virgil as a punishment.) The grotto, hardly visited by tourists, is a most doomful and awe-inspiring sculptured cave of Minoan origin.

It is a hundred yards long, more than six feet wide, and some eighteen feet in height and leads through various antechambers, lit by great windows to seawards, to the circular inner chamber with a connecting bedroom where the Sibyl, no doubt a simple peasant girl with the gift of second sight, was kept by her priests. Along the walls of the grotto are curious and unexplained channels in the sandstone and these were perhaps acoustic devices to carry the voices of the priests through the secret inner draperies when they had some Sibylline prophecy to announce to the crowds outside. Other slots and holes in the walls were presumably for curtain rods and draperies.

The atmosphere of this dark and ancient place is powerful but not inimical. One feels that many mysterious things were indeed enacted here, but that they were for good and not for evil. Apparently the Christians, when they came, were also sympathetic and treated the shrine with respect. Otherwise one suspects they would surely have destroyed it.

A couple of hundred yards from the hillock, on which stand the ruins of the Temple of Apollo and the Temple of Zeus and beneath which is the shrine, is a large tunnel through the mountainside leading down to the neighbouring Lake Avernus. This tunnel was used as an ammunition store by the Germans, who blew up the central section during their retreat.

The whole area is amazing and made me wish for the first time in my life that I had bent my head more faithfully to my *Aeneid.*

One final word to the visitor to Naples—don't bother to go up Vesuvius, or at any rate not by the motor road. There is absolutely nothing at the top but a few muddy bubbles and wisps of steam coming from the fumaroles in the crater, and anyway the volcano was due to erupt again that year—an even stronger reason for leaving it alone. But the reason I particularly counsel against it is that lava—that beautiful word that is almost the name of a girl—is harsh, brittle, smelly, black, and, above all, immensely dull. It is true that my wife found a rare orchid on the lower slopes under the young umbrella pines, but the great pile of dead lava that is Vesuvius oozes a kind of mental depression that requires many drams of Lacrima Christi, the wine grown at the foot of the mountain, to repair.

I have tried to analyze the dismal effect Vesuvius had on both of us and I think it comes from the fact that lava is totally lacking in "anima," the quality that seems to inhabit all terrestrial materials

(Continued on page 106)



RUDOLPH HOUSE

The off-stage details, continued from pages 86-91

THE ONE BEDROOM, *right*, in Paul Rudolph's New Haven house opens off the great room's highest level, has a wall of glass overlooking the garden, seems a cool retreat. To one side of the bed is an immense white cardboard topographical map, part of a student project; to the other, a long shelf of thick Plexiglas, scattered with magazines, old French print blocks, a Greek marble head, a copper bowl, the inevitable (non-retreat) alarm clock.





IN THE DRESSING and bathroom, *left*, the walls are white, the carpeting beige, the ceiling a brilliant lacquer red. Facing the long white shelf with its oval basin is a storage wall, where all the drawer and door pulls are small tabs of heavy Japanese brocade. In the hall outside: a panel of Nivola sand sculpture.

THE KITCHEN, papered with architectural drawings from an old book of Roman buildings, *right*, is a neat square where almost everything (including the refrigerator) disappears behind flush doors. Among the few exposed facts: glasses—lining glass shelves, lighted beautifully from behind. The wheeled cart is a Rudolph idea: it has four burners, great lengths of electric cord, lets cooking go on not only all over the house but in the garden too.





IN THE OFFICE, its walls covered with renderings, Rudolph and some of his staff meet around a glass table, sit on cushions of Radel glove leather. On the table: a model of Rudolph's new building, now in work, for the Hotchkiss School.

NAPLES

(Continued from page 105)

down to the comparatively friendly clinker of coal. There may be friends of lava whom I have offended by this indictment, and there may be varieties of the stuff that can be put to some lowly purpose, such as pumice stone for taking nicotine stains off your fingers, but in my experience lava is the bottom stuff in the world.

The fact that Naples is largely paved with this hellish material and that the town, inundated from time to time with fire and brimstone, stands at a major gateway to the underworld, perhaps explains why this exciting, rewarding, vivid city yet verges so nearly on the infernal.

It is, of course, only coincidence that Al Capone, on January 17, 1899, first saw the light of day at Afragola, a suburb of Naples, almost exactly half-way between the centre of Naples and the crater of Vesuvius.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

HOTELS

Five-star: Hotel Excelsior, Hotel Vesuvio, Hotel Royal, all on the waterfront overlooking the Bay of Naples. Royal, the newest—with attractive, brightly furnished studio rooms.

RESTAURANTS

American travel guide author Fielding summed up Neapolitan cuisine: "It ranges," he wrote, "from high mediocre to just plain lousy." I can not improve on that.

Every visitor to Naples ends up at one of the three Santa Lucia quayside restaurants, the Transatlantico, La Bersagliera, or Zi Teresa. There's nothing to choose between them. Food is indifferent, waiters rude, strip lighting hideous, and musicians play nonstop, except for a pause to push a plate in your face.

As good food as any in Naples, including seafood specialities, such as pasta with clam sauce (*spaghetti alle vongole*), *fritto misto* (mixed fried fish dish), is to be found in the restaurants of three big hotels, Excelsior, Vesuvio, and Royal, with the Royal especially recommended.

NIGHTCLUBS

Best advice about average Naples night spots is—stay away from them. Safest places are the Royal Club (winter) and Royal Roof (summer) in the Royal Hotel, and the club in the Hotel Vesuvio. The Caprice Club is run on international lines.

THINGS NOT TO MISS

It is in every guidebook, but some visitors unfortunately still miss a visit to the Naples National Museum. Unlike many of Naples' attractions, this is first class. Contains finest of the treasures excavated from Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Afterwards go for a real black Neopolitan *espresso* coffee or an ice cream in one of the cafés in the glass-roofed arcade, the Galleria. Here is real, living Naples, but watch your wallet and your handbags.

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BEIRUT HANDBOOK

Where to stay:

The HOTEL PHOENICIA INTERCONTINENTAL, tall, pink, and pasha, was designed by the great American architect, Edward Stone, his lacy signature marked in the white-fretted balconies which are part of every room. Also part of every room, a superb view of blue sea and mountains. Guests, after gliding up the escalator to a vast marbled hall, are offered small cups of Turkish coffee spiced with cardamom by a kavass wearing a tasselled tarboosh and ballooning white trousers. American coffee may be had in the shop which opens onto the pool terrace, a pillared pleasance of parasols and people. From a lower bar, Sous la Mer, drinkers get a bathyscope view of scissoring legs in the pool, and around six in the evening a water sprite dips into an aqua-ballet. French, Lebanese, and international food is served in the hotel's other restaurants.

Service is splendidly, smilingly offered by the staff, dressed in purple jackets. In addition to petrol princes who keep huge suites, many international conferences meet at the Phoenicia: Coca-Cola International, the Ford Motor Company, Miss Europe Contestants, and, this year, some of the ten thousand Baptist World Peace confrères. Double room, European plan, from $13 a day.

The HOTEL ST.-GEORGES, edging the sea, is one of the durable darlings of international travellers. The dining terrace, like a ship's deck at sea, glows with soft pink shaded lamps; the food, mostly French, is notable. Part of the hotel is the new Yacht Motor Club, a kind of theatre-in-the-round of water life with its own beach, cabañas, sailboats, and water skiing. Double room, European plan, from $11 a day.

The EXCELSIOR HOTEL, high and modern, counts among its pleasures the smartest nightclub, Les Caves du Roy, and the prettiest swimming pavilion in town. Walled from the street, the pool, free-form and aquamarine, is framed by green lawns, tall palms, and flowering shrubs. At one end a phony waterfall ripples into it, at the other a sunny terrace leads to shaded cabañas and a small bar. French *chansons* and *bossa nova* music is played from a stereo; some of the best bodies in Beirut show off their bikinis from noon to sundown. Double room, European plan, $12.50 a day.

The BRISTOL HOTEL, in the residential part of Beirut, is especially fashionable for the Lebanese and many Europeans who like its solid comforts and its roof-garden restaurant overlooking the city and the sea. Double room, European plan, from $12 a day.

The CARLTON HOTEL, big, splendid, and splashy, is one of the shining new places on the parkway leading from the airport into town. Although it overlooks the sea, it has a swimming pool grand enough for Olympic swimmers, wind-sheltered but wide open to the sun. Double room, European plan, from $11 a day.

Note: For surf bathing, sandy beaches start out on the Corniche, a parkway skirting the sea. The best ones have cabañas, snack bars, and such names as Riviera or The Sands of Lebanon.

RESTAURANTS:

AJAMI, Rue Trablos, said to be one of the oldest restaurants in the world, is actually a street covered over, with bare-board tables on the sidewalk. Tiny, half-finger-length birds, wrapped in pastry, are eaten bones and all, as an appetizer. Simple, both in price and style, this restaurant is most amusing at night.

LUCULLUS, Avenue des Français, has a deceptively plain look, considering its superb food and wines which attract knowing diners in Beirut. The *steak au poivre* in Cognac is delicious.

QUO VADIS, Rue de Phénicie, specializes in Italian dishes to be eaten indoors or al fresco in a viny garden.

LE PANACHE, the penthouse restaurant of the Phoenicia Hotel, has superlative food and a brilliant view of harbour lights against a backdrop of mountains.

ANGELO, Rue de Phénicie, serves both Italian and Lebanese dishes either in a small garden or inside, for an absurdly low price.

LA GROTTE AUX PIGEONS, Corniche Raouché, cliff-hanging above the sea and steep rocks, serves such Lebanese dishes as *farrouj mishwi*, chicken with garlic sauce; European food too.

SCOTCH CLUB, Corniche Raouché, vaulted and candlelit, has good food and gaiety from midday to midnight.

Note: Near the Parliament buildings there are half a dozen small Arab restaurants where guests may drop back to the kitchen to choose specialties.

NIGHT PLACES:

LA CASBAH, in the Commodore Hotel, looks Oriental but the *chanteuse* probably comes from Paris, the orchestra from Rome.

STEREO CLUB, Rue de Phénicie, a *discothèque*, is for the young who like new American dances.

CASINO DU LIBAN, in Maameltein, a half hour from the city, is a pleasure place for gaming—roulette, baccara, *tout va*—for dining, on a templed terrace; for entertainment: theatre, or a big splashy show, sometimes starring Najaw Fouad, called *la grande vedette de la danse orientale.*

WHISKEY À GOGO, Rue de Phénicie, a bar where habitués gather for a late, late nightcap, is small, cosy, lively.

SHOPPING:

PHOENICIA ORIENTAL BAZAAR, in the Phoenicia Hotel, has gold- and silver-threaded Damascus brocades; old Bohemian opaline candelabra and kum-kums, small vases for rose water; Iranian turquoise and gold-fretted peacocks; *abayas*, cotton striped robes which double as dressing gowns; rare coins, jade, antiques.

ARTISSANT LIBANAIS, near the Parliament buildings, specializes in local crafts, notably embroidered table linens.

THE GOLD SOUK, a sequence of bazaars, sells jewellery, mostly of gold, both cheap and abundant in Beirut. Several shops have such Stambouli pieces as gold birds, speckled with rubies, mine diamonds, and pearls, jiggling on a gold wire spring. Many American women like the cuff-sized bracelets of semi-precious stones.

EAST AND WEST SHOP, Rue Hamra, imports mostly from the Far East: ivory chessmen from Hong Kong, Indian brocades, saris, copper, brass, lacquerware. They will ship furniture from Hong Kong and India anywhere.

MAISON BALLERINE, Halaby Building, Rue Ahmad Chawki, makes elegant ribbon and wool knitted dresses, et cetera, handmade to order within ten days.

ISABELLE COUTURE, ABC Building, Bab Edriss quarter, imports French clothes from Paris houses, and will make up, beautifully, brocades bought in Beirut.



CHANTAL BOUTIQUE, Rue Ouzai, has a varied collection of clothes, and Dior's Paris models.

WHERE TO GO OUTSIDE BEIRUT:

BAALBEK with its magnificent, ravaged temples is a breath-catcher at any time, but especially during the great music festival of which the charming and dynamic Madame Charles Kettaneh is president. From mid-July through August, the honey-coloured temples of Bacchus and Jupiter become a stage. This year: I Musici di Roma, French theatre, the Radio Berlin Symphony Orchestra, and Lebanese folklore dancers and singers. *Son et lumière* spectacles are held often, the sprawling stones floodlit. Those who want to see all the festival programs may stay at the big new Park Hotel, at Chtaura, or in Baalbek at the old Hotel Palmyre. Many people, however, drive the sixty-five miles from Beirut; round trip in an American taxi costs $13 a person.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON, those great Biblical trees on the slopes of Mt. Sanine, are reached by a swirly drive up terraced mountains to the village of

(Continued on page 108)



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WHO WEARS WHAT MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 42)

shades darker than what she's worn in other years. And as always, she has an excellent reason. "What I think is coming next in beauty is a more defined look, much more specific, and much more authoritative." Clearly, in Miss Vanderbilt's case, the moment has arrived.

COUNTESS CHRISTINA PAOLOZZI was the answer given us when we asked one of the most perceptive fashion minds we know: "Whom do you consider a brilliant user of make-up?" She has the extravagant allure of the North Italian blonde—deep grey-green eyes in an ambience of smoky topaz—and a lively USA-forthrightness about discussing it. Her ritual is elaborate—and rewarding; it requires four separate brushes, and goes like this: the first brush draws a thin, dark line of mascara into the roots of the upper lashes. The second shadows brown up to the crease of the lid. The third, coated with pale beige, continues upwards to the brow. And just below the eyebrow, a fourth brush slivers in a highlight of white. Where the brushwork pays off: in the look of no brushwork whatever—but a conviction of marvellously set eyes. Gradation—the effect of tone on tone—is, in fact, the key to her entire make-up plan. On her face, for instance, go three tones of pale-beige TV cake make-up: mid-pale to start, and all over; the darkest goes along the sides of her nose to give it an extra quiver of dash, and just under her chin to remove a suggestion of baby fat; the lightest of the beiges is to block out all but the fascinating shadows. She wears a fairly bright cream rouge, controls its intensity with face cream, starts it high at the centre of her cheekbones, and works it down along the bones—when she's feeling less than top-notch, it extends farther down. With an ordinary desk pencil, she feathers a series of quick, thin lines into the topmost part of her eyebrows, skips the under-side entirely—a trick that tends to raise the brow without actually exceeding the natural limits. Her lipstick habit is a soft beige colour, applied straight from the stick. In the evening, however, she strengthens the line of her mouth by brushing on an edge of soft rose, and adding—of all things—Vicks for gloss. "If you get a look," she said recently, "keep it." And yet, having heard, via the Paris grapevine, that dark lipstick is a rage again, she will probably switch. Lipstick for her is a matter of fashion, and subject to change.

MRS. RAYMOND BONHAM CARTER, a vivacious young Washingtonian whose husband is on the U.K. staff of the International Monetary Fund, is a delicate—but dramatically non-Dresden—Spanish beauty, with flawless skin, straight black hair, and great dark eyes with beigey lids and a heavy fringe of lashes. Her strong, graceful brows are all the more arresting for a faintly undisciplined look. Mrs. Bonham Carter uses make-up sparingly; tellingly. Her routine starts with cold water and a mild soap. Then, a liquid foundation in the palest possible shade, dusted over with the palest powder. She almost always wears strong lipsticks, choosing a shade to match the red she's wearing, if she's wearing red (she often does), otherwise plunging for blued reds. She does nothing to emphasize her already-emphatic eyes. And this is it, winter and summer; she never suntans. Very rarely, she pencils a line at the corner of her eye, but she's always sorry later because she feels it makes her look hard, a hazard for Spanish-eyed brunettes. For big evenings, she uses an eyebrow pencil to darken three beautifully placed moles: one under her right eye, one on her upper lip, and one on her chin.

BEIRUT HANDBOOK

(Continued from page 107)

Becharre. A lively ski resort, with two nightclubs, it has a long ski lift leading to open runs; a big new hotel going up; and several *pensions*, the nicest, Le Chalet.

HOW TO GO TO BEIRUT:

MIDDLE EAST AIRLINES fly from London to Beirut every day with alternate stops in Frankfurt, Geneva, and Rome. Round trip, $559 first class; $378 economy class. In fact, a great number of airlines touch down at Beirut's international airport, a pivotal point of East-West travel.

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4 new Avon lipstick colors to add sunshine to your smile





The New Colors: Plum Pink is perfect with mauve. Peach Spark is a peach of a pink. Orange Chiffon proves you can wear orange—and love it! Golden Coral captures a brilliant sunset. These shades forecast Spring. Nail polish to match.

The Totally New Lipstick: It looks wonderful, feels comfortable (so important!) and is color-true the lipstick through; so creamy it glides on; keeps your lips looking live and lustrous. In a rainbow range of colors including the four new ones.

AVON CALLING with a preview of Spring beauty fashions. Your Avon Representative will be delighted to show you these new colors and tell you more about the newness of Avon lipstick. So exciting!

AVON cosmetics
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK



Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Enjoy beautiful, shining hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo for your own individual hair condition. Each of the Three Breck Shampoos has a gentle, thorough cleansing action that leaves your hair soft, manageable and lustrous.



D FOR DRY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair is for those who have dry, hard to manage hair. It cleans gently yet thoroughly – leaves hair soft and lustrous.



O FOR OILY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair is for young adults and women who have oily hair and scalp. It helps keep your hair soft and free of dulling oils.



N FOR NORMAL HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair helps maintain the proper balance of natural oils. It cleans gently and thoroughly – brings out the hair's natural beauty.

AVAILABLE AT BEAUTY SHOPS AND WHEREVER COSMETICS ARE SOLD — 2½ oz. 39¢ 4 oz. 60¢ 8 oz. $1.00 10 oz. (plastic) $1.25 16 oz. $1.75

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